Notice of Foreclosure.

Whereas Samuel J. Spencer of Readfield, in the county of Kennebec and State of Maine, by his mortgage deed dated the 16th day of November, A. D. 1888, and recorded in the Kennebec Registry of Deeds, book 375, page 262, conveyed to Joshua B. Mayhew of said Readfield, a certain parcel of real estate situate in said Readfield, and bounded as follows: "A certain lot or parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Readfield, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Bound. on the east by the road leading from East Read. field to Belgrade and land of estate of Daniel Jordon, on the north by land of estate of Daniel Jordon and land of S. C. Brown and road leading from Augusta to Dudley Fiske, on the west by land of C. H. & A. A. Gordon, H. Hanson and T. S. Morrill, and on the south by land of G. S. Morrill and C. C. Yeoman, being same premises described in deed of said Mayhew to said spencer, dated Nov. 7, A. D. 1888, and recorded in Kennebec Registry of Deeds, book 374, page 261;" and whereas the said Joshua B. Mayhew by his assignment of mortgage dated May 5, A. D. 1891, assigned and transferred to Melvin S. Holway of Augusta, in said county, the said mortgage deed, the notes, debts and claim thereby secured, and all his right, title and interest, by virtue of said mortgage in and to the real estate therein described; and whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken, now, therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof, I, by virtue of said assignment of said mortgage, claim a foreclosure of said mortgage.

MELVIN S. HOLWAY.

Augusta, Me., June 4, 1891. 32tr3

NOTICE.

WHEREAS, notice has been given in writing to the Augusta Savings Bank, that Deposit Book No. 2957, issued by said Bank, is supposed to be lost, and a duplicate thereof is applied for—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that unless said deposit book is presented at said bank within six months from the third publication of this notice, a duplicate book will be issued to the lawful owner of said original deposit book, and the liability of said bank, account of said original deposit book and accrued dividends, will forever cease, as provided by the laws of the State of Maine.

WM. R. SMITH, Treas.

Augusta, June 23, 1891. 3533

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator with will annexed, on the estate of EMELINE D. MERRILL, late of Windrop, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

June 22, 1891. 33* J. E. BRAINERD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of GEORGE H. COLLINS, late of Readfield, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

June 22, 1891. 33* WILLIAM B. BONNEY.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1891.*

CAMELINE MORRISON, Executrix of the last will and testament of WILLIAM MORRISON, late of Fayette, in said county, deceased, having presented her first account as Executrix of said will for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 33*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1891.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of MARY A. TRASK, late of China, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 33*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1891.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of REUBEN MERRILL, late of Windsor, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 33*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of June, 1891.*

ROBERT B. WHITEHOUSE, Administrator on the estate of ROBERT B. TURNER, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 33*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of June, 1891.*

The subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of MARY A. SMITH, late of Wayne, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

June 22, 1891. 33* WARREN O. COLLINS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of MARY A. SMITH, late of Wayne, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

June 22, 1891. 33* WILLIAM B. BONNEY.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1891.*

CAMELINE MORRISON, Executrix of the last will and testament of WILLIAM MORRISON, late of Fayette, in said county, deceased, having presented her first account as Executrix of said will for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 33*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1891.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of SARAH C. STARKS, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 33*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1891.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of MARY A. TRASK, late of China, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 33*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1891.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of REUBEN MERRILL, late of Windsor, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 33*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of June, 1891.*

ROBERT B. WHITEHOUSE, Administrator on the estate of ROBT B. TURNER, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 33*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of June, 1891.*

STEPHEN A. RUSSELL, Guardian of SYLVANUS A. RUSSELL of Augusta, in said county, having presented his first account of Guardianship for Ward:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 33*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of June, 1891.*

LOTIS W. LITTLEFIELD, Administrator on the estate of AMELIA TURNER, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 33*

THE MAINE FARMER,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

BADGER & MANLEY,

OFFICE: WILLIAMS BLOCK, WATER STREET,

Within two doors of the Bridge.

TERMS:

$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

FREE OF POSTAGE.

NOT PAID WITHIN THE YEAR, $2.50 WILL BE CHARGED.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One inch space, $2.50 for three insertions, and twenty-two cents for each subsequent insertion. Special Notices, $1.50 per inch for each insertion. All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

TRAVELING AGENTS:

O. S. AYER, J. W. KELLOGG.

Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LIX. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1891. No. 35.

Fairs to Occur.

Aroostook County Agricultural Society—At Houlton, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.
Central Washington—At Machias, Sept. 16th and 17th.
Eastern Maine—At Bangor, Sept. 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th.
East Somerset—At Hartland, Sept. 14th, 15th and 16th.
Kennebec—At Readfield, Sept. 22d, 23d and 24th.
North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Waterville, Aug. 25th and 26th.
North Aroostook—At Presque Isle, Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th.
Oxford Valley—At Cornish, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.
Piscataquis Central—On the Society's grounds, Sept. 22d, 23d and 24th.
State Agricultural Society—At Lewiston, Sept. 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th.
South Kennebec—At South Windsor, on the Society's grounds, Sept. 29th and 30th, and Oct. 1st.
Somerset Central—Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th.
Scarboro and Cape Elizabeth Farmers' Association—At Pleasant Hill, Scarboro, Sept. 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st.
West Penobscot—At Exeter, Sept. 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st.
Waldo County—At Belfast Park, Sept. 29th and 30th.
York County—At Saco, Aug. 25th, 26th and 27th.
York County Horse Breeders' Association—Fall meeting at Saco, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th.

Kansas is completing the greatest wheat crop in her history. The wheat crop is heavy throughout the wheat growing sections of the country.

Massachusetts farmers have to submit to a small hay crop. The grass in that State was so far advanced and the drought so severe when the rains came, that it was too late for the crop to recover.

The work still goes on! The trustees of the Iowa agricultural college have appropriated $6000 to establish an experimental dairy and build a creamery. The work is to begin immediately and a professor of dairying is to be elected as soon as possible.

"Instructor in Practical Agriculture," is the title given to the position to which Mr. Gowell has just been elected in the new course in agriculture at the State College. The title is new but suggestive of good work.

The Turner Center Creamery is doing a good business this summer. Their statement for May is as follows:

Inches of cream collected, 74,515; cream sold, 81,182.45; pounds of butter made, 32,-286½; total income for the month, $8,693.-16; paid per inch for cream, 9.10.

The boom in stock lines this year is on Shropshire sheep. Large importations from England are being made to fill the demand for these sheep in the middle West. The breed is popular in this State, but we learn of no special activity among flockmen in securing an increased supply to meet the demand.

Are agricultural colleges a failure? In Missouri the agricultural college is a department of the State university. It had two graduates this year, while the law department had 25 graduates, the engineering 12, the normal college 22 and the medical 7. Do not farmers want an education, or have their schools failed to meet the requirements of the case? Who can answer?

The farmer works with Nature. All of her processes are governed by laws. It is for the farmer to study out those laws, and whenever he has mastered them he has learned the right way, and has only to pursue it to a success. These laws are not yet all written in the books, so he who would know these things must go to the fields, the soil and the plants to gather up that knowledge which crowns his work with a liberal harvest.

Store some of the fine sweet hay and clover where it can be had at pleasure to feed the sheep in spring time after the warm days come and the appetite needs a little nursing. Sheep will grow poor on coarse hay however well cured, without something to work in for a change. Attention to these little matters in time is the price of success with a flock. The time has gone by to expect a good flock without forethought and care.

At the dispersion sale of the Woodburn Farm, Kentucky, Shorthorns, the property of A. J. Alexander, recently held, the prices realized go to show that well bred cattle of this breed are still appreciated among stock men. The following are the averages for the entire sale: Fifty-six females sold for $14,230, an average of $255; 15 bulls sold for $3,990, an average of $266; 71 cattle sold for $18,220, an average of $256.

The Monmouth butter and cheese factory is one of the most successful enterprises of the kind in the State, and is doing a good business as usual. It is making both butter and cheese, but not from the same milk. About 600 pounds of cheese is made per day, and 1400 pounds of butter per week. Both products are first class and find a quick sale. The business of dairying is on the increase in town, and farmers will find it to their advantage to give it still more attention. Monmouth is a fine farming town and should be a leader in the dairy business.

The exhibit of the agricultural experiment stations at the World's Fair promises to be a feature of some importance. It is proposed to show an experiment station in full operation, with its office, laboratories and other departments, thus illustrating how the indoor work of the stations is carried on. We confess to fail to see the importance of this part of the exhibit, which is to be in direct charge of Dr. Atwater, Director of the department of experiment stations at Washington. A far more important feature, however, will be a topical exhibit of the work accomplished by the stations as a whole. In this it is proposed to make a unified exhibit, showing the kind of work done by the stations and some of the more important results they have reached. The preparation of the work is in the hands of a committee, the different members of which having in hand a special department of the work. Professor Jordan of the Maine Station is put in charge of the department of Animal Nutrition.

Haying.

Another great hay harvest is upon us. Much of the value of the product is dependent on its being cut and stored in proper time, hence all the energies of the farms throughout the State will be absorbed for the time in the labors of the hay field. The great problem with all is to complete the harvest in the shortest possible time. Farmers generally begin haying early enough, many of them too early, but comparatively few of them complete the work as early as would be desirable. The effort should be, then, not to cut it earlier but quicker. Many times it is better to let sown fields stand till past their best stage, rather than to cut it when half grown.

Another important point is to keep the cost of harvesting the crop at as low a figure as possible. Hay is low in the market and likely to be, and the owner should have a share of the value left for himself. All unnecessary handling of the hay in process of drying, should be avoided. So far as possible, leave the hay to dry without handling. Many farmers are extremely particular that none of the hay is exposed to dew after being wilted, for fear that it will be more or less colored in consequence. This is all well if it does not cost more than its value to the hay. A slight stain is no detriment to the feeding value of hay, and it will not pay to be over particular in this matter.

Hay caps are a fine thing on paper, but in practice, on a large scale, the use of them costs more than it comes to. Better to spend the time required in their use in pushing along the work. The use of caps costs time, and time is everything when there is so much work to be done in so few days. In the effort to reduce the cost of haying, it becomes of importance to know what not to do. With the facilities we now have, and the knowledge of the work now possessed, haying is a very different business from what it was when

"The mower whetted his scythe
At the 'o'clock in the morning."

Maine State Fair.

In all the history of the Maine State Fair there never was a year when the outlook for a complete exhibition was as promising as at the present time. The State Fair for 1891 will exceed all previous years. Already the calls for spaces, stalls and sheds are surprisingly large. No special attempt will be made to offer novelties, but the officers will put the money into the substantial things which insure a complete and satisfactory State exhibition. The work of building new stables has already commenced, and before the gates open there will be several of the most attractive buildings to be found on any grounds in New England. This speaks of enterprise on the part of the breeders as well as faithful work done by the officers. The track is in first class condition and will be kept so throughout the season. From this time the officers will hold frequent meetings at the grounds and all the details will be under their personal supervision. Already breeders from out of the State recognizing the worth of the State Fair as an advertising medium, have asked for space in which to show their stock, although barred from competition. The trustees held a busy session last Thursday, at which time a large amount of routine business was transacted. Not only are the purses for trotting and pacing more liberal than before, but the full list of premiums show the same spirit of enterprise, and that the old State Fair is still to be a State Fair in fact as well as name. For this reason, if for no other, there should be liberal response from the farmers all over a the State. Send to the Secretary, G. M. Twitchell, Augusta, for premium lists and entry blanks, and bring out your stock, your crops and your farm products. The specials offered for the exhibits from Aroostook should call forth a liberal response from that wonderful section which needs only to be advertised to call in additional forces. Rally for the Maine State Fairs.

A Good Record.

Editor of Maine Farmer: Dear Sir: I have three nice grade Jersey cows, one of which I tested her milk of seven days, commencing on Monday, June 8th, and finishing on Sunday, June 14th, with the following results: Milk 41 lbs., daily average, measuring 17¼ qts., making 15¼ lbs., of choice butter, churned in less than seven minutes, feeding only in the ordinary way, nothing in the way of stuffing at all. The cow is thirteen years old, driven a mile and a half to and from pasture each day. With only the old-fashioned way of saving cream, the common tin pan setting and dash churn. It can be repeated. The weather was very hot that week and consequently the cream did not do as well as under more favorable circumstances with that quantity of milk. What quantity of butter ought I to get if I had all the modern improvements of creamers, ice, revolving churn, thermometer &c? The other two cows are from this one, and equally as good. I have been handling and raising these and getting Holsteins in their stead.

2. Will I better my condition by doing so? Which is better for butter, light or heavy milk?

3. What do you think of the quality of the milk, &c?

Hoping I am not troubling you too much, I am yours, &c.,
JOHN COMMINS.

St. Stephen, N. B.

1. It is possible with the old-fashioned appliances and methods to obtain practically all the butter from the milk. But to do it the necessary conditions must all be secured. This is quite difficult to do especially in hot weather and seldom is accomplished. It is impossible to tell how much was lost in this particular case. If we had as good cows as those referred to we should try to have modern appliances to go with them.

2. You might buy many Holstein cows without finding one that would give so much as 41 pounds of rich milk a day under conditions named in your case. Dairymen should not get misled by great published records. The richer the milk the lighter it is in weight, but the difference in the weight of different samples is quite slight.

3. The quality of your milk was very good, in view of the quantity. It is more than probable that under the best of handling still less of it would have been required for a pound of butter.

Is Succulence of Value?

There is no doubt but that 60 lbs. of good ensilage and 10 pounds of fine hay contain as much solid matter as does the grass. But the point is here: does the tank water supply the place of the water in the green grass? Does the succulence of the silage possess the same influence upon digestion and perfect assimilation of food as does the succulence of the pasture grass?—*John Gould.*

Why does not Mr. Gould answer the questions? They are often asked and answers are always wanted. The value and desirability of pasturage is known to all who keep stock and it is probably true that a large part of the farmers accept without question the theory that the superior effects realized from the succulent pasture grass is to be credited to its watery condition when taken by the animal. But carefully conducted comparisons do not support such conclusions. Professor Jordan, after careful comparisons of succulent with dry foods, announces the conclusion that practically foods are worth for feeding the measure of food nutrients they contain, and that the water of the turnip, the ensilage and the grass have no more relation to results than the same taken from the stream. Other experimenters have been forced to the same conclusion. The superior results, then, coming from pasture feed must be attributed in large measure to some other cause than that the grass is green. Just what measure of value succulence gives to a food material possibly may not yet have been fully determined, though the results of experiments thus far are all one way.

Cattle Still in Short Supply.

The shortage in the supply of beef cattle, made apparent at the opening of the present year, still continues, and as the months go on is made still more a certainty. The receipts of cattle at Chicago for the first twenty-three days of June were 178,700 head as against 223,115 for the same time last year—a decrease of 44,500 head. Since the first day of April the receipts have aggregated 601,000 head, or 181,000 less than for the same time last year, and since Jan. 1st, there has been a loss of 303,000 head as compared with 1890. No other proof is needed that the long looked for time is at hand when the supply of cattle to meet the demand for consumption is running short, and that as a consequence beef must rule permanently higher. Maine feeders should govern themselves accordingly, and take advantage of the good pasturage to force a rapid gain on all their beef stock. Good feeding pays best, as also does feeding to a high quality. There is no time that meal feed will do more or pay better than when fed while the cattle are feeding at pasture.

A Dairy School at Orono.

In our advertising columns will be found the announcement of the School of Dairying to open at Orono in connection with the State College on August 4th, next. Instruction will be given in both the science and practice, from the cow to the finished products of butter and cheese. Prof. Cheesman, who is to have charge of the making of the butter and cheese, is a well known expert and a thorough master of the business. Dairying is fast growing in importance in our State. Success is dependent on a good product. Those wishing to know how a good product is secured, and wanting to learn how to make it, now have the opportunity within their reach. There is no limit of age or restriction of sex. There should be a large class at the opening term.

Condensed Milk Business.

It seems a new business is to be introduced into the State. A company from outside the State, assisted in part by Maine capital, is about to start a milk condensing business at Newport. The site for the necessary buildings has been secured, and work on the foundations has already been commenced. It is said that some ten thousand dollars will be invested by the company in the plant. Newport is favorably located for a business of this kind, being in the midst of, and within easy communication with, a circuit of fine farms owned by enterprising farmers. The amount of milk that can be made among them would be almost without limit. The business is to be extended to other points in the State, if a liberal patronage is secured.

How Much Salt for Butter.

There seems to be no other guide in the salting of butter but the demands of the market where the butter is sold. To get at the preference of the Boston market a representative of the *New England Farmer* interviewed some of the leading dealers in that market and gives their views as follows:

"In a recent issue of the *Farmer* and *Homes* we published a suggestion from a prominent member of the board of agriculture, and a very level headed gentleman, to the effect that we ought to keep urging the farmers and creameries to put less salt in their butter. Our correspondent said: 'As a taste is acquired for fresh butter, more and more will be demanded and oleo will be knocked out in square-toed competition with delicious fresh butter.' A representation of the *Farmer* and *Homes* interviewed a number of dealers in the city to get at their views in the matter.

Mr. F. Crosby of the firm of Crosby Bros. & Co., dissented from the idea. He said that it is the duty of manufacturers of butter, as it is of the dealers, to furnish the public what it demands; any effort at "educating the public" or trying to drive them to buy this or that will end in financial loss. He said that in their stall for the Saturday trade, a tub of slack salted butter was always placed on the marble beside one more heavily salted, and the latter was always much the soonest.

Mr. A. E. Harris, of Hovey & Co., said that the proposition of our subscriber is a visionary scheme. The taste for salt is something that is born in a man, some wanting more and others less, and that it is a poor business for a merchant or manufacturer to try to do much at educating his customers. He must have what will suit them. Mr. Harris urged the *Farmer* and *Homes* not to lend its influence to any such scheme. He said that on an average three-quarters of an ounce per pound suited more people than anything else. The idea of slack salting butter is largely a foreign one, and United States ways are good enough for us.

Mr. Austin Belknap said the creameries kept pretty close to public taste in the manufacture of butter. Two and three-fourths of an ounce of good butter salt to the pound of butter just about meets the general public taste for salt in butter. Butter should not be salted until the milk is worked out, if you salt by this rule. The only way that I know of to "knock out" oleo, says he, is to make butter of a quality as good or better and sell it for a little less money.

Mr. John Bigelow said: I do not believe the popular taste demands fresh butter. Very few people require less than one ounce of salt to a pound of butter, and many prefer more than that. Genuine butter can never be driven out of the market competition with imitation butter: but oleo is so prepared that the consumers can know what they are eating, a fair competition will be inaugurated between butter and a substitute, and not between butter and an imitation. The consumer can have no possible protection except under some color law.

Another dealer who did not care to have his name quoted, said: Butter salted one-half to three-quarters of an ounce to the pound is generally considered to be seasoned about right. Fresh made butter always takes the preference over butter that has been held any considerable length of time.

Meadow King.

Mr. J. A. Carey of Lagrange writes that he has used his Meadow King Mower for eight years. It has been a good and durable machine.

Communications.

Reported for the Maine Farmer.

Address.

[Given at Rochester, N. Y., June 23, 1891, before the Western New York Jersey Cattle Breeders' Association, by R. GOODWIN, JR., Associate Editor of the *Breeders' Gazette.*]

Gentlemen of the Association: I am not an adept as an apologist. I am not much given even to explanations; and yet some explanation of my appearance before you at this time is imperatively demanded. For nearly ten years I have annually attended more conventions of improved stock breeders than any other man in this country, and yet this is the first time I have ever risen to address a gathering of this character. As a journalist it has been my duty, and my pleasure, to report what others have to say, and not to make a part of the record in the language of our legal friends, any utterance of my own. I am nearer the border of embarrassment—it would scarcely do for a Chicago man to confess that he had quite crossed that line—from the fact that I am on the stand to the distinguished president of the American Jersey Cattle Club, whom we all had expected to hear to-day, and your disappointment can be no keener than my own, for I assure you that his two contributions to the Breeders' Gazette which go through my editorial hands, are read by none with more interest than myself. President Farlee is to-day the most widely known, the most vigorous, and the most able public advocate of the gentle Jersey, and I make absolutely no pretense of filling the niche in your appreciation and attention which had been reserved for him to-day.

However, as an ex-breeder, and an admirer of the Channel Island cow—there is no "ex" before the word admirer, I beg you to observe—I trust I may not unprofitably claim your hearing for a few minutes. The history of the Island Jersey cow in America is altogether unique. As a beautiful lawn ornament she had her place, along with the smaller species of the deer tribe, and upon the estates of British noblemen. From that position she has been pushed—to mark the direction of the motion—by the skill of the American breeder to the place which she now occupies—the mortgage-lifter of the American dairy farmer. It is a laudable thing to be beautiful. Influenced by the sight of some unusually comely specimen of manhood I have at times almost wished that I could exchange a portion of my throbbing intellect for a little physical beauty, but a recollection of the smallness of the remainder, should I part with any brain power, has speedily driven me from the contemplation of any such exchange. I extract much comfort, however, from the fact that beauty is useful as well as beautiful, and judged by this just standard I maintain that the little butter queen of to-day, contentedly cropping luxuriant pastures and turning their green carpeting into the golden dreams of her owners, into the golden globules of butter, fitly emblematic of the golden dollars for which they may always be exchanged, is incomparably more beautiful than when roaming free in her bucolic farms, companion of domesticated deer.

And I call you to witness that it is the genius of America's master moulders of dairy cattle that has given us 46 lbs. of butter in a week, and nearly 1000 lbs. of milk in a year from one cow. Our British cousins, bless their dear old sleepy souls, stand open-mouthed, aghast, in the presence of our records of butter yields. Why! the announcement of a million-pound cow to be made in this side of the water called out from Ireland's leading agricultural journal the suggestion that a deputation of British dairy farmers be sent to America to see for themselves if such things can be true; and I had the pleasure of editorially endorsing the proposition and assuring the Dublin paper that such a deputation would learn a thing or two concerning the breeding, and feeding of dairy cattle, if they brought receptive capacities along with them.

I am well aware that we have our own sceptics on this side the water, men who deny that any cow has the powers of production claimed for our record-breakers, and some of them are vociferous in the reiteration of their unbelief. Did you ever observe that the fellow who don't know a thing always talks louder than the fellow who does? Physics teaches us that there can be no sound in a vacuum because there is no air to be converted into sound waves; but contrary to this law, it appears that some heads which contain no knowledge of facts, frequently make the loudest noise concerning them. Now, I do not believe that these infidels on the subject of phenomenal tests of butter cows are dishonest; I think they are merely ignorant of what a high-bred specialized dairy cow can do under modern scientific high-pressure systems of feeding. I have already made editorial expression of my belief—and I here reiterate it with emphasis—that the pressure will hesitate to set metes and bounds to the butter production of the dairy cow of the future, and in the light of events transpiring all around us, it becomes necessary to revise our ideas of the capacity of the highly specialized butter cow which has been evolved by the past years of devoted skill, and untiring application of the American breeder and feeder. I name no names, for they are legion, both of men and cows. I rarely mention records for they are at your tongues' ends. In this presence it is proper that I thus generalize propositions based on facts known to you and me alike.

I have referred to the phenomenal record-breakers as indicating the wonderful progress in the breeder's art in modern times, but I make bold to say that the greatest glory of the Jersey does not lie in these great yields, wonderful as they are. Time was when the impression appeared to prevail that the Generals, Colonels, Majors, Captains, and Lieutenants won the bloody war of the Rebellion. The praises of the officers of the army were sung by peace the historian, and the people made adulation unceasing to those who had led the embattled hosts to victory. But when the enlisted history of the great American Civil war comes to be written, it will be recorded in letters of burning, living flame, *the private soldier saved the Union.* And even so, it is the work-a-day Jersey cow in thousand of herds the country over with her steady yield of 7, 10, 12, 14 lbs. a week which has won for the Jersey breed the unchallenged reputation as the producer of more pounds of butter to a given quantity of milk than any other race of cattle. Not from the herds of high-priced fancy-bred Jerseys; not from the comparatively isolated cases of the experiment stations, come the evidences which confirm her title, the "little butter queen;" but in her uniformly rich and profitable yield in the working dairies which supply the gilt-edged products for public consumption is found the crowning glory of this Channel Island cow. She is the specialist's specialized cow. She is not a general purpose cow for a general purpose man. She says: "This *one* thing I do," and characteristically feminine in this, when she says she will do a thing she does and does it. And she does it *probably.* That's more to the point. I submit no evidence on this proposition. This jury takes judicial cognizance of the fact from its own experience. She is built that way, and you know it. It is your work, Gentlemen of this Association, to see that the Jersey cow continues to be built that way. You can easily prevent it, and not half try. You can cut her throat with the two-edged sword of inbreeding if you handle it unskilfully; you can block her progress with the cobwebs of the fancy and follow alleged fashion. But if with due regard to inherited traits, conformation, and above all, performance at the butter-tub, you build judiciously on present foundations, the future of the Jersey cow is as certain as her past, and vastly grander.

It is not within the proprieties that I, a total stranger, should attempt anything like an application of the principles which I have been invited to discuss. Suffice it that the reputation of your herds is not bounded by the confines of your commonwealth. That your blood lines have been wisely chosen, and your methods skilfully applied, the records which have published to the world sufficiently attest.

While I am manifestly stopped from entering upon a discussion of the agricultural East versus the agricultural West, I may yet be permitted to remind you that the east no longer supplies the butter with which it spreads its bread. York State has great dairy interests, and was wont to look upon the west as exclusively a beef growing section. I need not weary you with statistics to prove that this view must be revised. Illinois, with its Elgin, and Iowa and Wisconsin now divide with you your own market, and the markets of the world. The long continued depression in the value of beef cattle has caused co-operative creameries to spring up like magic all over the States named, and now they dot the prairies almost like the universal little red school house. These facts indicate clearly that to the west, with its growing dairy industry you must look for a market for your cattle which play so important a part in profitable dairying.

As a Chicago man I should be derelict in duty if I failed to remind you of the face that a World's Fair will be held in that city in 1893. Permit me to assure you that it will not be a Chicago Fair, nor a western Fair, but a World's Fair, with Chicago trimmings. I am pleased to note that the American Jersey Cattle Club has evinced an adequate appreciation of this fact. By nomination of President Farlee, and confirmation of the Board of Directors, Messrs. W. J. Wyckoff of Tennessee, J. J. Richardson of Iowa, John Boyd of Illinois, Frank Shaw of New York, and your own P. J. Cogswell are charged with the arduous task of preparing for a display of Jerseys for that time, for the consideration of which the Club sets aside from its plethoric purse $10,000. It is generally agreed that public tests will be the chief object in view. This is as it must be under the circumstances, if the Club would live. I myself will bear with me in the utterance of what may seem to you a heresy, I am free to confess that from a long experience as a student of show-yard tests of dairy cattle—extending from the New York Dairy Show to far west Kansas State Fair—I am firmly of the opinion that such tests are totally unreliable, and in so much worthless as indicating the true capacity of a butter cow. And this from the fact that every condition of a show-yard test—strange quarters, strange cattle, strange oft-times distasteful water, and the inevitably attendant excitement, militate against the normal yield of milk and butter-fat. I compress the whole argument into a single sentence, merely adding that its correctness is demonstrated beyond cavil in my six years' experience as a reporter of cattle shows. True it is that the length of time that the cattle will be on exhibition at Chicago will be a considerable extent mitigate the severity of the conditions named, and in some cases may altogether do away with them, but as for myself, no cow of mine should ever enter a show ground test for milk or butter.

Under the circumstances, however, the committee of the Cattle Club can do nothing else than arrange for tests. The gauntlet has been thrown down by other breeds, the agricultural scientists are organized to watch the tests, and the public demands such a trial of strength. I make this suggestion, confident of its value—that no cow should be sent to that ordeal which has not been tested at home under conditions which compel the confidence of the rankest infidel. In this way I believe the utter unreliability of show-yard tests of dairy cattle can be clearly demonstrated.

A word, personal and I have finished. Shorthorns, Aberdeen-Angus, and Jerseys claimed my attention as part owner and manager of a stock farm in the far west. City bred and reared, by what principle of association which often confounds the calculations of the shrewdest breeder, my inclinations turned toward the avocation of my forefathers—the growing of live stock —and the gentle Jersey found a warm corner in my heart. I presume it was because I never was properly weaned. While milk may be for babes and meat for strong men, I have the personal acquaintance of one young man that glories in his strength who has not meat at the least but milk the more, and his day dreams will never be realized until he finds himself living the life of a gentleman farmer with a herd of Jerseys to "play with." Over my office at home hangs a large painting of the head of Posonius Rex, the handsomest and most life-like representation of a Jersey which I have ever seen on canvas, and certainly one of Burke's masterpieces; and if I no longer have the satisfaction of owning it, the second-blood Jersey, I at least possess the counterfeit presentment of one which would be parted with last of all my few treasures. It has been my privilege to make critical detailed reports of Jersey showings from that famous Madison Square Garden Exhibition out west, and back again to the magnificent collection at Syracuse last fall, and these facts—so personal as to be of doubtful propriety under other circumstances, I offer in explanation of my presence with you to-day, and in part justification for thus taxing your patience with this hastily written paper.

No doubt the typical breed of cattle grazes the pastures of the footstool than yours. He who permits it to retrograde in his hands will not be held guiltless at the bar of public opinion; he who holds it sacredly in trust for him, misses one of the grandest opportunities for the exercise of a true philanthropy; he who works with his material with yet greater results puts agriculture in his debt, his own conscience also approving him.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Design in it All.

[The following communication for the *Farmer* was written and laid aside by the author, and was not discovered until after the death.]

Mr. Editor: How pleasant it would be if I could step into your sanctum and have a social interchange of thought on the various formula of labor on the farm. An article is published in the *Christian Mirror,* taken from the *Princeton Review,* on the subject, "Vegetable Seeds, or Design in Nature," by Prof. Chadbourne of Williams College, in which the position is taken if there is so manifest a design in fertilizing and scattering seeds above the soil, there must be a design in propagating and nurturing them below the soil. How often have we complained, and heard complaints of others about seed corn not coming up.

Two years ago we planted corn, planting some twelve or fifteen rows. The soil was light and dry, but a heavy drenching rain prevented planting for some days. In the rows planted before the rain, not a hill failed to come up; in that portion planted after the rain there were vacant hills, or else they contained one, two or three spires of corn. My neighbor, who planted after the rain, complained sadly of *poor seed corn.* At our next meeting my neighbor said: "I've problem about poor seed corn is solved." His two little girls, Clara, aged nine years, and Anna, aged 7, followed him to the field, and after dropping pumpkin seed, etc., retired to one corner of the field, where

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, July 9, 1891.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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'Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Androscoggin and Oxford counties.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Washington county.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

Will any good farmer in the vicinity of Augusta or Gardiner, who can give employment to a young man a few months or a year, drop a line to H. L. Webber, Mt. Vernon?

The lottery campaign has opened in dead earnest in Louisiana. Its opponents packed a big hall in New Orleans, the other night, and the speakers sailed into the business with a fervor that denoted earnestness. There will be precious little politics in the next election in that State. It will be lottery and anti-lottery, and nothing else to speak of.

Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., walked into the Rangeley Lake House the other morning bearing a six pound salmon. In the course of the conversation he said it was just an hour and five minutes from the time the fish "struck" until it was in the boat. In the course of that time it leaped into the air eight times and reeled out nearly 300 feet of line.

Gladstone is comparatively a poor man, and the occasional literary work he does for magazines and periodicals is not the result of any desire to add to his established fame as a writer. He takes a very matter-of-fact view of such productions, reckoning them simply as valuable help to the liquidation of his heavy household expenses. For every article he writes he receives $1,000.

A complete report, covering 26 counties, is issued by the Union Pacific Railway Company, of the result of an inspection of the crops along the line of its system in Kansas. The acreage of small grain, including wheat, oats and rye, 1,350,000 acres, four-fifths of it being in wheat, which will yield about 19 bushels per acre. The total wheat product in the belt is estimated at 19,000,000 bushels, and the average condition of all the crops is good.

Many farmers in North Dakota are catching from five to ten bushels of grass-hoppers a day, and they don't regard it as much of a pastime either. A passenger train on the Rock Island road was stopped at Lamont Junction, Kansas, Saturday night, by grasshoppers, which covered the track for a distance of five miles. Another engineer pulled the train through the mass. It is feared the grasshoppers will be blown into the cornfields by the northwest winds.

Hon. Joseph O. Smith, State Insurance Commissioner, has filed a supplementary bill in equity at the clerk of courts office in Auburn, against the Directors of the defunct Dirigo Mutual Accident Association whose headquarters were in Lewiston, charging that funds have been taken from the indemnity fund, and diverted to the payment of expenses, etc., and calling upon them to make good the deficiency. It is expected that the case will be tried at the September term of court.

"Within two weeks," says a Buffalo physician, "I have been called on to prescribe for seven men afflicted with raging headaches, due in every instance to poisonous coloring matter extracted by perspiration from the lining bands of their hats absorbed through the open pores of their foreheads. What these noxious dyes are I have not had time to determine, but I would advise nobody to wear a hat which discolors the brow, especially if the discoloration be of a yellowish or brownish tint."

The Rockland *Free Press* plant has been transferred to other hands and will be consolidated with that of the Rockland *Courier-Gazette*. The consolidated paper will be republican in politics and run by a stock company, with $25,000 capital. The paper will be edited by W. O. Fuller, Jr., and Herbert M. Lord. The former is a well known journalist who has been located in the West. Mr. J. S. Rowe, who has been editor and business manger, will publish this week's paper and will then leave for Boston on a business trip.

For the first time in the history of the United States our National flag fluttered in the breeze last Saturday with forty-four stars in the field that combined only fifteen just one hundred years ago. Now, by provides that an additional star, after the admission of any new State to the Union, shall not be added to the official flag until the Fourth of July next following; and, accordingly, the star, of Wyoming, which was accorded the rights and privileges of a Federal State on July 11, 1890, appeared Saturday for the first time upon the glorious standard of the nation.

W. E. Sims, United States consul at Colon, in a communication to the State Department, says that Americans who go to Central and South America in search of work are in a pitiful condition. Fifty cents in Columbian silver (35 cents in gold) are the regular daily wages. Americans cannot live on it, and not being acclimated cannot do the work required. The Nicaragua canal has lured many of these poor people here, says Mr. Sims, and now they are adrift, barefoot, nearly naked and starving. In Central and South America, dependent on the consideration of the American consuls to provide them with means to get home. Some poor fellows, who were sick and unable to work their passage back, have doubtless died in the swamps.

The citizens of St. John are laying themselves out to make their "Canada's International Exhibition" of this year an unprecedented success, but are not by any means forgetting other attractive features throughout the city. In addition to the applications from the Maritime Provinces, a number of foreign exhibitors have already applied for space, including a number from the United States, England, Germany and Italy, it is also anticipated that there will be a very comprehensive Spanish exhibit. Some of the most attractive exhibits from Jamaica exhibition are now among the applications for space. Arrangements are being made with the best musical talent for promenade concerts every afternoon and evening during the term of the exhibition. Pyrotechnic displays will be one of the most attractive features. All the transportation companies will furnish reduced rates.

The following has been issued by Commissioner Rusk, for the Department of Agriculture:

Whereas, on May 19, 1891, the Department of Agriculture, under the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1890, issued an order providing that all sheep and swine to be imported from the Dominion of Canada into the United States should be subject to a quarantine of fifteen days at the port of entry, this order being issued upon the ground, as stated therein, that the Dominion of Canada had made no provision for a quarantine for sheep and swine imported into that country from Great Britain or the Continent of Europe, and,

Whereas, the said Dominion of Canada, on the sixth day of June, 1891, by an Order in Council, duly established a quarantine of fifteen days on all sheep and swine imported into said Dominion from Great Britain or the Continent of Europe, now therefore, it is

Ordered, that the quarantine of sheep and swine imported from Canada into the United States, required by the aforesaid order of May, 1891, is hereby removed, and sheep and swine may be imported from Canada into the United States without quarantine *provided*, on inspection of said sheep or swine at the ports of entry they are found to be free of disease, and provided further that sheep or swine imported into the United States from Great Britain or the Continent of Europe through Canada shall have been held in quarantine by the Canadian Government for fifteen days, and the importer shall produce at the port of entry into the United States a certificate from the proper quarantine officer of said Government, showing the fact of said quarantine.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN DEAD. The people of the entire State and country are mourners. A great leader of men, an able statesman, has fallen, "like a shock of corn fully ripe for the harvest." On Saturday evening, at Bangor, while the music of fire crackers awoke the echoes in the outside streets, and the dark clouds above were brilliantly illuminated by thousands of various colored lights from rockets in celebration of the natal day of the nation, one of the patriots and statesmen of the country, the man who stood among the foremost in the dark days of her peril, passed away so quickly that even his intimate friends were not warned. The death of Hannibal Hamlin was announced, and all Bangor was in mourning. The roaring caused by the thousands engaged in celebrating gradually ceased, and even the young people on the streets spoke in whispers. When it is stated that in Bangor little children have been early taught to venerate the name of Hannibal Hamlin, and that the common laborer digging in the street has looked upon the Ex-Vice President as his friend, and never failed to exchange greetings with him, some idea may be formed of the sadness caused by his sudden demise. He was a man of the people; the people loved him, and their allegiance continued year after year unwavering and undiminished. They thoroughly believed in him.

Nearly every week has found Mr. Hamlin a visitor at the Tarratine Club, the swell organization of the city, and of which he has been President since its organization. During the delightful weather of June Mr. Hamlin was as active as ever in his life, going out into the country and watching the farming operations with the same great interest as in past years, the tilling of the soil having always been one of his hobbies.

Saturday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, Mr. Hamlin went down town through the pouring rain and entered the Club house on Main street. As is usual upon the Fourth of July, there was a jolly gathering of business and professional men celebrating in the old-time way, and the Ex-Vice President was given a warm greeting, to which he responded smilingly, chatting for a time with various gentlemen who were in the rooms. While amusing himself at the rooms, Mr. Hamlin remarked, 'I feel a very sharp pain in my back. It came upon me very quickly." Mr. Carr suggested that it might be an attack of pleurisy, and called for a waiter, who brought Mr. Hamlin some liquor, of which he took a very small quantity, and made no further complaint. An hour later, at 5.30 o'clock, Mr. Hamlin suddenly fell forward, with a death-like expression upon his face. His companions sprang to his assistance, and in a few seconds Dr. D. A. Robinson, who was in another room in the club house, was at his side. The sick man was placed on a low couch, and a swallow of brandy given him. He immediately lost all consciousness, and in a few minutes brandy and ammonia were hypodermically injected. At that time no beating of the heart could be detected, and it was thought that he was dying. Messengers were sent for Mrs. Hamlin, his son, Gen. Charles Hamlin, and other members of his family, who were quickly at his side. At six o'clock the patient returned to consciousness, and gave some directions, but at about 8 an alarming change took place, and fifteen minutes later the Ex-Vice President passed peacefully and quietly away, without any apparent suffering. He died dressed in his old-fashioned suit that had become so familiar to the people, and it seemed fitting that the departure should occur upon the anniversary of the birthday of his country which he had served so long and so faithfully. Although lacking its tragic surroundings, the death reminds us of the departure of his great associate, Abraham Lincoln, whose hand we have no doubt when he made the deficiency. It is expected that the case will be tried at the September term of court.

Hannibal Hamlin, one of the most interesting figures in American history during the present generation, was born in Paris, Oxford county, Aug. 27, 1809. He was prepared for a college education, but, by the death of his father, was obliged to stay on the farm till he became of age. Like many of our famous men, he learned the printing trade, but gave it up upon being admitted to the bar in 1833. He practiced law in Hampden till 1848, and was a member of the Maine Legislature from 1836 till 1840, and again in 1847. He was speaker of the House, 1837-1840, and, in the latter year, received the democratic nomination for Congress. It was during the Harrison campaign, and Mr. Hamlin introduced an element of excitement, till then unknown in Maine, by holding joint discussions with his competitor. He was defeated that year, but elected two years later, and again in 1844.

In 1848 he was sent to the United States Senate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John Fairfield, and was reelected in 1851, but resigned in 1857, having been elected Governor of Maine by the republicans. Within a month after his inauguration as Governor he resigned, having been again chosen United States Senator. He served in the Senate till January, 1861, when he resigned, in view of his election, the preceding fall, as Vice President, on the ticket with Abraham Lincoln.

He presided over the Senate from March 4th, 1861, to March 3d, 1865, when his successor, Andrew Johnson, supplanted him. Many republicans considered it very unwise to drop Mr. Hamlin in 1865, and, in later years, it has been generally conceded that the party leaders made a great mistake, as his renomination and election with Lincoln would have probably saved much acrimonious feeling engendered by the events following President Lincoln's assassination, and the inauguration of Andrew Johnson's reconstruction policy.

Shortly after his retirement from the Vice Presidency, Mr. Hamlin was appointed collector at the port of Boston, but resigned in the following year, because he was opposed to the policy of President Johnson. Mr. Hamlin's course was highly applauded by the mass of republicans throughout the country, and especially by his old constituents in Maine.

Mr. Hamlin enjoyed the distinction of being a veteran of the war, and he was an honored member of the G. A. R. Mr. Hamlin's military service was for 100 days in connection with the emergency garrison of Kittery. While there as a private and a soldier well advanced in years, he showed his sturdy patriotism. In every respect Mr. Hamlin was a patriot.

On the 4th day of March, 1869, Hannibal Hamlin entered the United States Senate for the fourth time, serving until 1881. His popularity was never exceeded by any man in his native State.

He was never beaten for any office but once. In the great Whig uprising of 1840, he was the democratic candidate for Congress in the Penobscot district, and was beaten by Elisha H. Allen. Among all the illustrious public men of Maine, Hannibal Hamlin ranked with the foremost and best. Like so many other great men, Mr. Hamlin has always been a man of very simple habits, and the years he has lived quietly with his family at Bangor, have been years of simplicity and unostentation. He held many positions outside of the offices we have named. He was made LL. D. by Colby University when it was Waterville College, and he was one of its Trustees for over twenty years.

In an article on "The State of Maine," by Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., published in the current number of the *New England Magazine*, are the following just and opportune words concerning Mr. Hamlin: "With interest in public affairs as keen as ever, he is spending the evening of his life, after a public career of more than half a century, during which long period he has maintained the confidence of the people to an almost unexampled degree, by the purity of his private life, and the ability, industry and fidelity with which he has discharged the duties of every public trust committed to him."

The obsequies were observed at Bangor, yesterday afternoon, and the entire city was in mourning. Under a guard of honor, the body laid in state at the Unitarian church from 11 A. M., to 2 P. M. The public funeral, in charge of F. A. Wilson, Esq., was held at the church, which was finely draped, at 3.30 o'clock. The church was packed, special trains bringing people from all sections of the State. Rev. R. C. Beach, pastor of the Unitarian church, officiated. The following gentlemen acted as pall bearers: Hon. S. F. Humphrey, Hon. Eugene Hale, Hon. C. A. Boutelle, Philo A. Strickland, Esq., Llewellyn J. Morse, Esq., Wilson Deering, Esq. The buildings along the route of the funeral cortege, especially, were appropriately draped.

ONE AUGUSTA FARMER. Mr. Geo. W. Carleton, whose farm is situated in the outskirts of the city, on Cushnoc Heights, is a gentleman who puts brains into the business of farming, and for that reason succeeds. His farm of about 90 acres is twice as productive as it was some four years ago, when he took it. He scatters the fertilizers with a liberal hand. It is refreshing to pass through his mowing fields and see the magnificent stand of English grass, awaiting the knife of the mower. Not a noxious weed rears its head, but there is the tall herds grass, four feet and eight inches high, the red and white clover, and other choice varieties that will just make the cattle laugh next winter. This grass will bring the highest price, as it is of the choicest variety. Mr. Carleton expects to harvest fifty tons this year, a lighter crop than last year when he secured sixty tons. He has some three acres of early potatoes, which are now about ready for the market, the varieties being Early Oxford, New Queen, and Early Rose. The fields are a sight to behold, as the potatoes are now in full bloom, the stalky, vigorous tops fairly covering the ground and hiding it. Let us give our readers Mr. Carleton's process of preparing the ground for his potatoes, that they may go and do likewise. He broke up and dressed the field last fall, spreading on it at the rate of thirty loads of manure to the acre. This spring he put on as much more, working it in. Then the potatoes were planted in hills one foot apart, and each hill received a dose of a mixture of phosphate, hen manure, and plaster. Do any of our farmer friends wonder that potatoes grow under such treatment? They are well hilled, as Mr. Carleton believes that this process enables them to stand a drouth better than the level system advocated by some. He hoed the potatoes once, and will go over them one dose of Paris Green, which fixed Mr. Striped Bug. He thinks that on account of the drouth of the early summer, potatoes will be a lighter crop than usual this season.

Mr. Carleton has a fine field of barley, which is well headed, and four acres of flourishing looking oats. He believes in using oxen instead of horses; and he also believes in removing the distressing look-ups from the wall by the roadside, and putting it into under-draining. The value of this he has plainly demonstrated, reclaiming wet, boggy land, so that it has become the best portion of his farm. Mr. Carleton has made much of the farm work himself, having paid out for help the present season but $71 75.

This farm is situated in one of the most picturesque portions of the city, on an exposure overlooking a large part of the city proper and a portion of the charming valley of the Kennebec. As the city continues to grow, pushing itself out northwardly and westwardly, the choicest portion of the farm will be sure to be utilized into building lots, and most desirable ones will be found there.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD. The centennial of the founding of Berwick Academy was celebrated at South Berwick, Wednesday. There was a large attendance of former pupils and friends of the institution. Literary exercises were held in the Baptist church, the edifice being packed. B. T. Rice, Esq., of New York, was President of the day, and introduced the venerable Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, of Harvard University, who offered an invocation.

The original poem written by Amos W. Pike, of Rollinsford, was sung to the tune of "Old Hundred." It was as follows:

We come to-day a scattered band,
Old classmates dear, to clasp the hand
And talk our school days o'er
Ere we shall part to meet no more.

The work of years, time's tollsome day
Has sprinkled deep our locks with gray;
Then heart still last, though sorrowy sweet,
Till in the Great Beyond we meet.

But yet our hearts, of finer mould,
Will passing years have not grown old;
And talk our pledge anew
And beat as erst, to Friendship true.

When from these scenes we're called away,
To finish Life's still waning day,
Then heart still last, though sorrowy sweet,
Till in the Great Beyond we meet.

The oration of Rev. William Hayes Ward, D. D., of New York, was a masterly one, replete with classical allusions. Throughout it was interwoven with sentiment.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., President of Howard University, Washington, D. C., composed the poem. It was in a happy vein, speaking his own thoughts when a child in the Maine academy. The closing lines were:

We meet to-day, no more perhaps to meet,
Alike the pupils of Life's larger school,
Still dispersed o'er the earth, to their last seat,
Too oft to fracture the Great Master's rule.

God grant that when the day of Life is done,
Our sight may catch, beyond death's gath'ring mist,
The land of light, and shout the welcome home,
And where, no more dismembered.

Rev. John Lord, LL. D., of Stamford, Conn., delivered an historical address replete with reminiscenses of Berwick and the educational work of the past century. The exercises closed with a benediction by Rev. S. V. Sherman of New York.

The alumni then proceeded in a body to the academy grounds and sat down to a dinner in a large tent. The diners were seated in the order of graduation.

Death, the reaper, has gathered another victim from the circle of those who have made agriculture a study and a delight. Mr. Willard Woodbury Harris died at his home in Deering, on Sunday, at the age of 74 years. His death was the result of a severe attack of pneumonia, last winter, which left him in a weakened condition. He was born in Poland. Early in life his father died, leaving his mother with a large family of small children, and the serious business of his life then commenced, and although a boy, most manfully did he assist his mother. After the severe struggles of childhood, with a brain well disciplined by experience as his principal capital, he engaged in mercantile and lumbering business in the Eastern part of the State, and finally at Foxcroft, from which place he went to Portland in 1857, and formed with the late T. Woodbury the mercantile firm of Woodbury & Harris.

Afterwards he was the senior member of the firm of Harris, Atwood & Co., of which the late Willard H. Woodbury was a member. Mr. Harris survived all of these able and enterprising merchants. After his retirement from mercantile business, he engaged in farming, which had great attractions for him. He was exceedingly successful in all his farming operations. He was for several years President of the Cumberland County Agricultural Society, a member of the State Board of Agriculture, and one of the Cattle Commissioners. He was also while he lived in Piscataquis county, sheriff. He was chosen as member of the Board of Agriculture for three successive terms, retiring in 1890 to make way for Mr. W. H. Vinton of Gray, the present member. He was honored by an election to the Presidency of the board. Mr. Harris was an able, energetic and far-seeing business man; enterprising and public-spirited. He was well known in all parts of the State, and highly respected for his ability, integrity, and social qualities. Mr. Harris was a firm friend of the *Maine Farmer*, and we extend to the stricken family our heartfelt sympathy at their great loss.

A RELIABLE BEAR STORY. A gentleman right from the scene of action has told us, briefly, the particulars of a bear story that are not fancy, but truthful, and may be relied upon. Mr. A. H. Chase of Lexington, chairman of the Board of County Commissioners for Somerset county, was the other evening riding from Flagstaff Plantation to Dead River Plantation, when he encountered in the road some obstruction, accompanied by a sort of smothered cry. He looked behind him, and just in the rear of his wagon was a huge she-bear. His horse, which was a good one, made a thrust forward, somewhat frightened, perhaps, but the bear kept up, and held her position just by the side of the hind wheels. The animal then ran by Mr. Chase, and at a little distance ahead reared up on her haunches and showed her teeth. The thing looked very serious, and Mr. Chase, shouting at the top of his voice, called a gentleman from a house near by, who came out with his gun; but the bear had fled. No doubt the gentleman had ran over the bear's cubs, and that produced the stifled cry. No doubt it was a she-bear, as one of the other gender wouldn't have shown fight.

Mr. Paul Taber died in Washburn, Aroostook county, on the 29th of June, aged 88 years. His funeral was conducted by the Friends of Maple Grove; sermon by William Penn Barney. The deceased was up and dressed and ate his regular meals until the day he died, having no sickness, but has been slowly failing for the past year. In February, 1861, he moved from China to Aroostook, and most of the time has lived with his son, S. W. Taber.

Mr. Henry R. Chamberlain, who was formerly a reporter on the Boston *Journal*, and who for the past two or three years has been engaged in journalism in New York, assumes the position of managing editor of that paper now that Col. Clapp has retired.

We are glad to say that Col. John M. Adams, editor and publisher of the *Eastern Argus*, of Portland, and one of the most prominent citizens of the State, who has been dangerously ill at his home, of congestion of the brain, is recovering.

Bulletin No. 2.

Crop Bulletin No. 2, for July 1, is made up from returns received at the office of the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, from a large number of regular correspondents located in every quarter of the State. The circular of inquiries sent out contained the following list of questions:

1. Condition and promise of the hay crop at date?
2. At about what date will the work of haying begin in earnest?
3. Wages per day and board?
4. General condition and growth of other crops to date? Grain, corn, potatoes, beans, etc.
5. How have the different fruits set?
6. Is there any spraying of trees for the destruction of insect pests?
7. Condition of pastures?
8. Sales of stock for the month, and prices?
9. Number of sheep kept compared with 1890?
10. Brands of grade of sheep kept?
11. Lamb crop this year?
12. Wool clip, is it sold? Price received? Washed or unwashed?
13. Wages of farm help per month, for the season or year? American or foreign?

These questions were answered on July 1, and were promptly forwarded to the Secretary's office. The information conveyed is of the condition and outlook of the crops as seen at that date, and as these correspondents are all farmers, and of course must know whereof they speak, their reports may be taken as carrying with them as great accuracy as it is possible to collect. The bulletin is delayed in its issue by the occurrence of the Fourth of July, observed of course as a general holiday, and a Sunday immediately following, on the days on which otherwise the bulletin would have been printed.

June. The month of June may be set down as a continuation of the weather recorded in the last bulletin, for the month of May, with the variation only of the higher temperature incident to the advent of summer. Fair and dry weather prevailed for the most part throughout the month, thus favoring the prosecution of work on the farm, and giving farmers ample time to continue the work so well begun in the month of May. As a result, the cultivation of all hoed crops has been thorough, clean and on time on all farms in the possession of owners giving evidence of enterprise or thrift. This, of itself alone, contributes largely towards the bounty of the harvest.

In common parlance the month was pronounced dry. The principal rain-fall was on the 23d and 24th of the month, though occasional showers passed over sections of the State from time to time. Notwithstanding the prolonged absence of rain, the drouth was not severe enough to work serious injury to growing crops. On the stiff clay soils the early and late planted potatoes and corn were for a season delayed in starting into a thrifty growth, and thin grass of the early varieties on sandy lands was checked in growth to less measure in its yield. The clay land crops, however, soon recovered after the rainfall, and have since been making rapid growth.

The month was also phenominated a cold month, although the extreme heat of a few days of the month brought the average temperature, as will be seen, up to the usual standard. There was a slight frost on the morning of the 6th, on low lands, but it was neither severe enough nor general enough to do wide damage. Some early garden vegetables alone received injury:

The rain fall and temperature for the month, as recorded at Orono, is as follows:

	1891.	1890.
Mean temperature	62°.68	59°.20
Maximum temperature	92°.0	81°.0
Minimum temperature	34°.0	42°.0
Mean of warmest day, 16th	76°.7	70°.4
Mean of coldest day, 6th	46°.5	51°.3
Mean percentage of cloudiness	53	59
Amount of rain	3.20 in.	3.84 in.

It will be seen by this record that both the rain fall and the temperature are about an average for the month, and that the popular impression that it was remarkably cold and unusually dry does not stand in fact.

The Hay Crop. Grass made a rapid growth in the early part of the month of June, and this, in connection with the thick and even stand reported in our previous bulletin, gave good promise of an abundant crop. The dry weather continuing till past the middle of the month was not favorable to a continuance in full of this early promise, and the cold weather following the rainfall checked the otherwise rapid growth so that at the present date the crop is far from having completed its growth. The returns, therefore, further than showing its condition at the present time, are mainly a record of promise. The crop is later than last year by a full week—and will still continue to grow. At this date, with the exception of limited acres of specially dry lands, the crop is growing as rapidly as at any time during the season. Should this may continue, and to what extent the present stand may finally increase in volume, will depend largely on the amount and frequency of rain and the temperature following. As the present crop is largely grass on all newly seeded fields and cultivated lands is good, with the exception of the coast-line towns east of the mouth of the Kennebec River, where it was more or less killed out by the severe drouth of last June. Over all reports, however, give the crop something less than last year, but fully up to, and in most cases exceeding an average crop. "Old fields" are generally reported light, and often falling short one-half. Much of the crop from last year varies in different sections and with different reports, from a reduction of five per cent. to twenty-five per cent. Generally, however, the statement is added that the late rains have greatly improved the prospects.

The work of harvesting the hay crop will commence in all the southern half of the State about the 6th of July, depending of course on the forwardness. In Aroostook county the crop is from one to two weeks later, and the work there is reported to commence from the 15th to the 20th.

The wages of extra help for haying are reported at $2 a day with board, in all sections of the State outside Aroostook county, with the exception that a few correspondents vary the figure to $2.25 as the extreme, and $1.50 as the least. In Aroostook county the help is reported to be generally hired at $1 a day and board, with an occasional case where $1.25 is reported. This low price comes from the fact of the numerous French population in the northern border of the county, who go out in large numbers and scatter over the county for employment at the work of haying.

The work of haying is greatly facilitated by the use of improved machines for carrying on the work, and as a consequence, the amount of extra help called for is much less than was formerly the case. Horses, mowers, rakes and forks have taken the place of scythes, and consequently are not only cheaper than laborers, but they enable farmers to complete the work in much less time than when it was largely done by hand. There is much old hay left over in the hands of farmers.

In Androscoggin county—R. D. Leavitt, Turner, reports the crop "very good, but not quite equal to last year." B. F. Briggs, Auburn, reports "promising as last year—more than an average."

Aroostook county—The crop is two weeks later, but the promise is of about the same tenor of other sections. H. S. Hardison, Caribou, reports "promises to be an average." Alpheus Craig, Island Falls, "promises a fair crop." Ingersoll Houlton, reports "the crop 25 per cent. below last year, and somewhat below an average."

Cumberland county—W. W. Andrews, Otisfield, "new and rich ground good as ever. On the whole, crop a little off of that of the past two years." S. H. Dawes, Harrison, "above the average." W. H. Vinton, Gray, "one of the largest ever gathered."

Franklin county—W. C. Hobbs, Farmington, "a full average crop." E. A. Hall, Chesterville, "good quality, but less in bulk than last year."

Hancock—A. S. Lowell, Bucksport, "bids fair for an average crop." C. B. Young, Hancock, "a fair crop is anticipated."

Oxford—J. A. Roberts, Norway, "a fair crop, but not equal to that of '90." G. R. Bean, Denmark, "newly seeded fields promise a bountiful crop." H. D. Hammond, Paris, "not an average crop."

Kennebec—W. H. Keith, Winthrop, "an average crop." J. C. Reynolds, Clinton, "crop nearly or quite equal to last year." G. F. Bowman, Sidney, "hay crop good, but not quite up to last year."

Knox—W. A. Luce, Union, "promises a fair crop, not equal to that of '90." F. S. Mansfield, Hope, "not an average crop in the county—killed by ice in winter."

Penobscot—S. C. Rich, Exeter, "growing well, full an average crop." A. L. Spratt, Kenduskeag, "hay crop in this locality very good." Walter Balentine, Orono, "indications point to a crop as large as the average for the past three years." Joel Richardson, Newport, "three-fourths of a full crop."

Piscataquis—R. G. Tibbetts, Brownville, "promise of the crop a full average." Mrs. B. F. Ayer, Dover, "hay crop good."

Somerset—C. O. Winslow, St. Albans, "grass growing vigorously since the rains —nearly an average crop." A. G. Bowman, Fairfield, "late and good." Geo. Flint, Anson, "three-fourths of an average." Allen Hutchins, New Portland, "grass growing finely since the rains."

Sagadahoc—A. H. Donnell, Bath, "promise of a full crop—some complaint on flat lands." A. Stinson, Woolwich, "old lands light, fair crop on new land." J. S. Rogers, "grass growing rapidly—a little less than last year."

Waldo—N. E. Murray, Burnham, "not quite as good as last year, but a good average." W. H. Moody, Liberty, "just fair." Nelson Gordon, Thorndike, "if allowed to stand till it gets full growth will be an average crop."

Washington—Eben F. Allen, Columbia Falls, "not an average crop, but rain has helped it much." D. J. Fisher, Charlotte, "improved by wet weather, but still below the average." W. R. Dresser, Princeton, "a full average."

York—Horace Harmon, Buxton, "crop will prove above the average." A. P. Moulton, Springvale, "promises a good crop."

Crops. The wider breadth of farm crops, as shown in our former bulletin, has made good progress all around towards a harvest, and in the main are reported in fine condition. Grain of all kinds is, without exception throughout the State, reported in fine condition, and making a strong stand and rapid growth.

Corn.—Yellow has made a good stand all around, and though the cool weather of the latter part of the month has retarded its advance, yet to date it has made better than an average growth, and is in all respects promising a full crop.

Sweet corn does not show so good a stand. In some sections, notably in Cumberland and Androscoggin counties, reports say the seed did not come well, and the stand is uneven and small. Sweet corn is more sensitive to unfavorable conditions than yellow, and the cool weather of the last of May and first days of June, was the chief cause of the failure to germinate. On the whole, the sweet corn crop is not at date in so full of promise as the yellow corn.

Potatoes throughout the State, with the exception of one limited section, are in splendid condition, and in every respect showing the highest promise. North Aroostook reports some failure of the seed to grow, from some unknown cause. The seed rotted badly in the hill. James Nutting, Perham, reports "one-fourth to be replanted in hill." Others in other towns report less, but a measure of failure seemed to be general in that section. In all other sections of the State the stand is even and the growth at date is highly satisfactory. The season is now well advanced, and with an abundance of moisture the feed will be good until the usual time for supplementing the same with stable rations. Stock will go to market in good condition, and the farmers that have been will be a well sustained supply of milk for the cheese factories.

Sales of Stock. The ruinous policy of the past years of buying legitimate fruit. The calves have been selling at fair prices, and farmers have been letting them go until now, when there is a more active demand for beef and working oxen, the barns are empty. From every section reports tell of active calls for oxen, both for work and beef, and few sales because of limited supply. Androscoggin county, R. D. Leavitt, Turner, reports, "very little sold; cows, $7 to $8 per cwt.; steers, beef, $5 to $5.50; cows, $25 to $40." From other sections the reports of sales are about the same, varying from 6 to 7½ cents for dressed weight, and cows from $25 to $45. One of the pleasing features in the fact that more calves are being grown than for several years, thus promising a return to those days when a measure of our meat supply was to be obtained from our own pastures. H. O. Nickerson, Readfield, Kennebec county, reports, "sales light." J. L. Weymouth, Clinton, "not much sold here; small beef, cows and heifers, 6 to 6½ cents by the side." Franklin county, Geo. H. Pratt, New Vineyard, "small sales, but good prices." J. C. Wheeler, Chesterville, "no sales." Somerset, W. W. Brown, Harmony, "have been some sales, prices good." T. Houghton, Bingham, "do not know of any sales." Penobscot, A. L. Spratt, Kenduskeag, "quite a demand for good stock."

Sheep. The worth of the sheep industry seems to be universally admitted by our correspondents, and in some sections there is evidence of an increase in numbers, but the curse of dogs stands in the way of any great additions being made. The prosperity of the farmers of Maine stands to be taught when measured by the demand city and village residents to own dogs. The complaints of ravages by dogs come from every part of the State. In spite of these an increase is reported, especially in northern sections. Some counties are again coming to the front, and turning attention to the mutton as well as wool qualities. Shropshires, Hampshires and Southdowns are being added to cross on natives and fine wooled stock with good results.

The season has been especially favorable for spring lambs, and a larger number are being grown. This is doubtless due in part to the introduction of new blood, and the crossing of breeds. E. O. Bean, Readfield, reports "larger number of sheep. Lamb crop receiving increased attention, and pays, profitable, especially those of early growth." C. B. Young, Hancock, "stock on the late spring crop is standstill when the rain fell. Some fields of grain and grass suffered more than the hoed crops. Have never seen grass and grain grow as they have for the past ten days, but we need now some warm dry weather to harden all crops. Many of the apple trees in this vicinity failed to bloom and the crop must necessarily be a small one. Very few head of cattle sold, but prices are decidedly better than last year. With good weather the outlook is very favorable for farmers.

J. E. SHAW.

ST. ALBANS. Newly seeded grass will be heavy in this locality, but old fields, especially those lacking in fertility, were badly nipped by the drouth and even our present favorable grass weather cannot restore them. When will farmers learn that a good stand of grass on well manured land will stand almost any amount of dry weather incident to this State.

M. J. MERRILL.

HARMONY. The hay crop is coming along rapidly, since the late rains and if haying is not hurried I think the crop will be within twenty-five per cent. of last year. There have been some sales of stock and prices are good. Two-year-old heifers are selling for $25 to $30, and oxen are scarce and high, lambs are in demand at from $3 to $4. Good weather will insure full crops this year.

W. W. BROWN.

DEXTER. The area of yellow corn has been somewhat increased, and but for the unusually cold May, would have been very materially, while the breadth of sweet corn planted has slightly fallen off, the result being that a larger acreage has been sown to mixed grain. Should the season continue favorable, a large crop will be harvested, and less western feed needed the coming winter. The advance in the price of all kinds of feed has had the good effect to stimulate many farmers to raise more, and buy less, which should be encouraged all over the State.

L. W. JOSE.

BANGOR. As is well known the season for planting was unusually favorable, and crops were well put in and the dry weather did but little harm. At present writing we consider the condition of all crops above the average, as high as 105, calling average of past 5 years 100.

J. W. GREEN.

PRINCETON. The heavy rain beginning June 22d has changed the condition of all crops from very poor to very good, previous to this everything was suffering from excessive dryness. Now an abundant hay crop is assured fully up to last year's crop. Very few sheep are kept principally because of the great losses caused by the dogs. Wherever kept they are a source of profit and as soon as the dog nuisance abates more will be kept. The tent caterpillar has caused the farmers a great deal of trouble and almost every method except spraying has been tried.

ELLIS R. DRESSER.

ALLEN'S MILLS. So far as my observation goes, the apple crop will be light. Hardly up to that of last year.

HERBERT B. LUCE.

CHESTERVILLE. While the prospect is some below that of last year's hay crop, if the crop can be put into the barns in as good condition as that of last year the fodding value will be about equal. Hoed crops look as well as ever they have at this season.

CHARLES E. WHEELER.

NO. MONMOUTH. The hay crop will not be quite as heavy as last year in this town, neither will the apple crop be as good as last year when we raised over 1600 obls. The blossoms blighted, and the fruit dropt, yet Monmouth will raise a good number of barrels this fall. Grain is looking well.

J. L. ORCUTT.

WAYNE. The cool weather has retarded the growth of nearly all crops. We have had fine rains of late and with warm, fresh weather from now on, I think crops are very rapidly. There is much more building and repairing than for several years before. New paint and new shingles are to be seen all along the line. The farmers are taking courage.

G. W. HASKELL.

VASSALBORO. As all "flesh is grass," and a large part of the grass grown in the State of Maine is converted into hay to be put into the market in the form of beef, wool, mutton, horses or butter to furnish the needful for the support of the people of the farm, and the family; the grass crop is watched with a great deal of interest. In fact it is the crop of crops, for upon it hinges the success of all good and profitable farming. From June 1st to June 15th the meadows gave promise of a rich, bountiful harvest, but the next week of dry weather caused much anxiety and fear. On the 21st very many said the crop was doomed; we must be content with a three-fourths crop. The gentle, yet abundant rain of the 22d, 23d and 24th gave us new courage, and to-day we can feel certain of a full crop, in quantity, and hope and trust for good weather to secure it, so that the quality will be equal to the quantity.

HALL C. BURLEIGH.

WEST WINDSOR. This is a year that shows the benefit of having grass land in which to turn stock during the drouth. Such fields will yield a very good crop, while old and poor fields will be hardly worth mowing. If there's a lesson to be read therein, it is to cultivate thoroughly, fertilize bountifully and plow often.

J. H. BARTON.

ALBION. The prospect for all crops and essentially the hay crop has changed materially within the past ten days in consequence of the bountiful rain which has fallen during the present month. Previous before the rain, was becoming alarming, and if the drought had continued another week, people would have commenced haying and half a crop only, would have been secured. Since the rain, however, which it received, grass has grown nearly or quite one-half, and now the prospect is, that fully an average crop will be harvested in this vicinity. The weather has not been favorable to secure the best results in the corn crop, the nights having been generally cool, consequently the crop not that promising look which is desirable, yet with good weather through July and August, a good harvest will be secured.

O. MEADER.

STRONG. The drouth of the first of June put back grass on old ground, but the late rains have started it up, so if left alone for a short time, there will be a full crop. The pastures are looking full better than for years, and the hay crop is in full better than last year and potatoes very promising. The farmers as a general thing in this vicinity are beginning to become interested in good grade of sheep as the most profitable to keep both for mutton and healthy lambs.

E. J. GILKEY.

DAMARISCOTTA. A larger area of potatoes have been planted than formerly and they promise an abundant yield. More corn also has been planted, very few sheep are kept in the eastern towns of Lincoln county. The number of dogs in these towns exceed the number of sheep; A farmer told me a few days since, that he had lost $100.00 last year by the dogs, and he the dog

Items of Maine News.

dies Adelaide Drew, of Bangor, committed suicide at Islesboro on Saturday.

Six salmon were caught in the pool below the dam at Caribou, on Wednesday of last week.

Ex-Mayor Harrison B. Mason of Ellsworth died, Wednesday, of typhoid fever. He was between 40 and 50 years old.

The President has appointed the following named postmasters: Charles C. White, Bono. Nathan C. Stowe, Dover.

The annual reunion of the First Maine Cavalry will be held in Houlton this year. It will occur Sept. 3, and will be a big day for the veterans and the town.

Fred Lafleur of Biddeford, a hostler for C. Wentworth at Springvale, disappeared Wednesday with one of Mr. Wentworth's horses. The horse was found at Great Falls, N. H.

Mr. Daniel Wight of Orland has charge of feeding the land-locked salmon at the pond of Green lake which include one hundred and forty thousand about two inches long.

The International Fireman's Muster and Tournament to take place at Bangor, July 15th, promises to be the biggest gathering of its kind that ever came off in New England.

Mr. Folsom's barn in Cambridge, that was struck by lightning and burned last week, will be rebuilt by the contribution of the citizens. The frame is ready to raise.

William Fuller and Llewellyn Mank of North Warren, are each building new barns. Mr. Fuller's is 40x63 and Mr. Mank's is 40x Each building has a very fine cellar with the best of foundations.

It is expected that with a few days of favorable winds the West Branch drive will be towed out of the lakes in good time. The drive contains about 50,000,000 and will probably come along well during the remainder of the journey.

The Vanceboro Wooden Ware Company have decided not to rebuild their mill at Vanceboro which was burned Thursday, but the people of the town hope the report may not prove true. They feel the loss of the manufacturing establishment quite seriously.

The Odd Fellows of Fort Fairfield have purchased the Congregational church edifice and lot. The Congregationalists, however, will continue to occupy the church until a new one, which they will build, will be ready for occupancy. The site for the new church has not been decided upon.

During a heavy thunder shower which passed over Denmark recently, the lightning struck and killed two valuable horses in the pasture of Newell Baston, in the north part of the town. One of them belonged to Minot Brazier of Hiram, the other to Baston.

Mr. L. A. Dow of Brigadier's Island has caught this season over 400 salmon. His largest catch in one season heretofore was 300, and he expects to exceed these figures this year. The other night he caught in his weir, besides 40 salmon, a bass, a butter fish and a mackerel, the latter being the first heard of in Belfast Bay this season.

The will of the late George Stetson, Esq., of Bangor has been filed for probate. Among other bequests, he leaves Hampden Academy $10,000; Bangor Fuel Society, $1,000; the Home for Aged Women, $500; Children's Home, $500; Bangor Public Library, $2000; to the City of Bangor a trust fund of $12,000, for the use of missionary to seek out the destitute of the classes and assist them.

The Skowhegan & Norridgewock Railroad Company has completed its organization by electing R. B. Shepard, E. P. Ware, H. Wilder, L. W. Weston, A. R. Spoy, Orono Clark and C. P. J. Weston as directors, R. B. Shepard as president, Weston as clerk, and A. H. Weston as treasurer. A working survey will be made, and it is expected the road will be put under contract early.

The lightning played strange freaks with the Methodist Mason's house in Monroe. It struck the lower part of the house and went out of the upper part, thus reversing the general order of lightning strikes. It split one of the stones of the foundation wall, put a light in one of the women's hands, and waltzed around all over the house, and finally going out through the roof, tearing some of the shingles in its exit. No one was injured, but all were badly frightened.

At a recent town meeting by an overwhelming majority the town of Dresden elected the charter of Bridge Academy and constructed the old board of trustees to turn over to trustees under the charter all funds belonging to Bridge Academy. Gen. James Bridge made an address, at the close of which he gave to the Bridge Academy $25,000, making in all which he has given to his school within the last four years $50,000.

During the heavy thunder shower which passed over Strong the other afternoon, Mr. Luther H. McKeen lost two valuable grade Jersey cows. The cows were within rods of the barn and under a small apple tree. It appears the lightning struck the tree near the top and peeled the bark to near the ground, then left the tree for the cows, killing them and ploughing up the earth as though a plough had been run through for ten or twelve feet toward the barn. There it came to a stop in the ground, and this was as far as it could be traced.

A night or two ago Dr. McCurdy was waking a call at a house on State street, Bangor, and as he came out of the house discovered that a fellow was in the act of stealing his horse. He had the animal hitched and in a moment more would have driven off. On the doctor's appearance the young rascal ran off at a lively gait, with the doctor after him. The would-be thief discovered a new way of escaping capture and proceeded to climb a tree. Up he went as nimbly as a monkey and there the doctor left him. He may be there yet, but the chances are against it.

The quiet village of East Wilton was greatly startled last week to hear that Mrs. Sarah Dow was found dead in her house on Howard Robinson, who went to milk as usual. Stepping into the shed for the pail, he found the milk just as he left it in the morning, which led him to enter the house, where he found her on the lounge in the sitting room, dead. He ran for the neighbors, and on examination she had apparently been dead several hours. A jury was summoned but did not deem an inquest necessary. She had not been well some time.

Fred E. Robinson of Exeter has been describing how he had a rough experience with a thunderbolt during a recent thunderstorm. He was going down across the field in search of his cow when there came a blinding flash and a vast amount of disturbance about him. In a twinkling he found himself doubled up in a curious manner, and when he had untangled himself every muscle in his body seemed as though it had been yanked crosswise. He feels full of aches and twists even now. The bolt ended the ground in his corn piece about four rods from where Mr. Robinson was standing. It impacted the ambition out of half a dozen hills of corn.

There is a prospect of a lively war between the owners of the porgy factories and the people who own summer cottages around Boothbay Harbor. These summer residents say that if the porgy factories don't up their works the owners will be executed to the full extent of the law, and the owners of the factories are equally determined to run their works how and when they choose, as they have always done in the past. The law is very strict if it was enforced, but it never has been. It is $1000 fine to let any of the fish offal run into the ocean, and any craft or apparatus may be seized and the parties arrested and fined until a trial can be had.

A day or two or ago a well appearing man applied to Mr. Frederick Warren for the lease of a store in Saccarappa, claiming that he wished to get it for a customer of his. He gave his name as Mr. Sleeper, and appeared to be a respectable citizen, so Mr. Warren gave him an order for the key to the store. As soon as the fellow had that, he went to a man whom he knew wished to secure the store and let him have the key, offering a month's rent in advance for which he gave a receipt. The tenant wished some repairs made, and so the fellow telegraphed to the city that it should be done, and signed Mr. Warren's name to the dispatch. He then disappeared and the victimized tenant is bewailing his lost money.

At Kittery Junction, Tuesday, on the Boston & Maine R. R., the mountain expressman ran into the rear car of the Portland express, which was standing at the station. Engineer Clarke Boundy, of the engine "Major Rice," pulling the White Mountain train, jumped as the engine shed into the car, and sustained no injuries. The headlight, stack and cowcatcher of the engine were broken, and the rear car was totally wrecked. The engine, tender and forward part of the baggage car on the White Mountain train were badly damaged. Conductor Fox of Somerville, the conductor of the Pullman car, was standing on the platform. He was thrown off, dislocating his right shoulder.

Mr. David Cargill is in Augusta, delivering the Maine Register or State Year-Book for 1891. This valuable work has been enlarged to 832 pages. The map has been corrected to date giving all the recent changes in towns. The book contains the constitution of the United States and constitution of Maine, with directories of U. S., State governments, postage rates, court directory, banks and newspapers in Maine. The most valuable portion of the book is that part devoted to "Town Statistics" which supplies 555 pages. It is a book of reference which no business man can afford to be without.

Do not despair of curing your sick headache when you can so easily obtain Carter's Little Liver Pills. They will effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action mild and natural.

Sapley's "Bread Winner" outwears all others shoes.

Items of General News.

William Henry, oldest son of Rt. Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone, died of paralysis in London, Saturday.

Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, who is dangerously ill, is reported to be somewhat better.

The Chinese government has again politely but firmly refused to receive Henry W. Blair as American minister.

At the Woodstock, Conn., celebration, Saturday, Major McKinley, Chauncey M. Depew, Gen. Howard, Gen. Hawley and Murat Halstead were among the speakers.

Fourteen persons were killed near Charleston, W. Va., Saturday, when a Kanawa & Michigan railroad train went through a trestle.

A bold diamond robbery occured at Nashville, Tenn., Friday afternoon, at E. Wiggers' jewelry store. While Mr. Wiggers was waiting upon a customer, a man stole $8000 worth of diamonds.

The letter carriers in New York city had a big time on the Fourth. They dedicated their monument to the late S. S. Cox, and had a banquet. Gen. Tom Ewing delivered an oration and the carriers danced in the great police station.

Henry C. Adams, for many years the trusted treasurer of the relief fund for disabled ministers of the Universalist church, was arrested at New York, Monday, on a order in a civil suit for the recovery of $17,700, the alleged amount of his deficit.

A terrible cyclone struck Baton Rouge, La., about 6 o'clock, Monday morning. It shattered the State prison walls, ending by death the sentences of ten of the convicts. Twenty-two were wounded and horribly crushed. With the exception of the penitentiary, the city was mercifully spared.

While the celebration was in progress at Margaretville, N. Y., on the Fourth, nearly one hundred men, women and children were plunged into the Delaware river by the breaking of a wooden bridge over which they were crossing to the park where the exercises were being held. They fell in a heap into the water below, a distance of twelve feet. It was a miraculous escape for many, one person only being killed.

A sealing vessel has brought to Sydney N. S. W., the crew of the bark Compadre, from Calcutta for Chili, which was wrecked off Auckland Islands. Her crew managed to swim ashore and there they remained for 103 days, suffering terrible privations and being reduced to a state bordering on starvation. While hunting for food one of the unfortunate seamen was lost in the bush and it is supposed starved to death. The captain's dog was finally rescued.

La grippe, in the colony of Newfoundland, has assumed proportions of a severe epidemic. In St. Johns, it is not very prevalent but in the suburbs the disease has attacked the whole settlement and deaths are numerous. At Trinity Bay deaths are occuring place to every day. Almost the entire population of Faryland is down with the disease. In the Fortune Bay district there are hundreds of cases. In Dildo, New Harbor, Chapel and neighboring places the bulk of the people are stricken with the epidemic in its severest form. The fishermen are completely disabled. Many have died.

The following cable dispatch was received Thursday evening from Iquique by Richard L. Trumbull, agent of the Congress government now in New York:

"The troops of the dictator (Balmaceda) tatory of Congress." Mr. Trumbull said that Huasco was a seaport town north of Valparaiso. This dispatch showed that Balmaceda could not count on the support of his soldiers, as his forces vastly outnumbered those of the Congress party. The dispatch was very significant, as the reports of the last few days were to the effect that a great battle was expected at Coquimbo.

While two Brazilian travellers who had ascended Mt. Vesuvius, Wednesday, were gazing into the crater, they were suddenly enveloped in a dense cloud of sulphurous smoke, and one of them reeled about for a moment, then staggered forward and fell into the crater. The guide who accompanied the two men had in the mean time caught hold of the second traveller and pushed him into position where the gaseous fumes could not affect him, thus saving his life. The victim was Dr. Silva Jardin. He was a highly esteemed journalist of Rio Janeiro. He fell 170 feet sheer into the glowing lava. He leaves a widow and family in Paris.

The President made the following appointments Thursday:

William E. Simonds of Connecticut, commissioner of patents, vice Charles E. Mitchell, resigned.

A. Louden Snowdon of Pennsylvania to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Greece, Roumania and Servia.

Romualdo Peacheco of California to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Guatemala and Honduras.

Richard Lambert of California to be United States consul at Mazatlan.

Henry L. Arnold of New York to be United States consul to Clinton, Ontario.

At 3 o'clock Friday morning at Ravenna, O., on the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad, train No. 8, fast express bound for New York, while standing at the depot awaiting orders to go ahead, was run into in the rear by a freight, and 25 passengers were killed and 38 severely wounded. The boiler of the locomotive formed a huge cauldron, and passengers were literally roasted to death. Many of the passengers of the train were asleep when the awful crash came, and a number were crushed to death in their berths. A terrible scene followed. There were cries for help from all parts of the train, mingled with dying moans of others whose lives were being crushed out. The steam was escaping from the monster freight engine, and soon the wreck caught fire, and the flames crowded upon those who were the doctor left him. He may be there yet, but the chances are against it.

The quiet village of East Wilton was greatly startled last week to hear that Mrs. Howard Robinson, who went to milk as usual. Stepping into the shed for the pail, he found the milk just as he left it in the morning, which led him to enter the house, where he found her on the lounge in the sitting room, dead. He ran for the neighbors, and on examination she had apparently been dead several hours. A jury was summoned but did not deem an inquest necessary. She had not been well some time.

Slocum, Smiler, Wood and Jugiro suffered the death penalty at Sing Sing, New York, Tuesday morning, Slocum and Smiler first to be put to death, being electrocuted at 4 42. The second victim was Smiler, and the time 5 13. Wood was third, time 5 38. Jugiro, the Japanese sailor, was the fourth and last victim. He was dispatched at 6 05½ A. M. The entire time consumed in executing the four men was one hour 23½ minutes. The executions went off quietly; all of the men were killed on first contact. There was no struggle when they were strapped down or resistance of any kind. Especial precaution had been taken to avoid the mistakes which had made the Kemler affair in part a failure, and the executions went off without a hitch. Electrodes were not applied to the top of skull and base of the spine, but were bound to the foreheads and calves of the legs. The current was turned on in each case for 20 seconds. The voltage was 1500 to 1600. In each case there were apparent evidences of revival, as in the Kemler case, and in each of these cases the current was again turned on a second time. In spite of the fact that the sponges were kept constantly wet, all of the executed men were burned by the current, especially about the calves of the legs. The medical men present declared that death, came in the first contact. All the physicians expressed themselves satisfied with the result of the experiment and pronounce the electric chair at Sing Sing a success. No reporter was allowed to be present.

FIRES IN MAINE. The barge Sontag, of Boston, loading ice at the Knickerbocker Ice Company's works, North Boothbay, was destroyed by fire, Sunday morning. The fire caught from ashes under the boiler and was not discovered until under good headway. By quick work and favorable circumstances, the firemen succeeded in extinguishing the flames. Both barge and cargo were a total loss.——The storehouse owned by A. T. Trask, in Damariscotta, was burned Saturday morning at 3 o'clock, with a lot of pressed hay and machinery. The loss is $1000; insurance, $1200.——The livery stable in Brunswick owned by the Walker estate, and occupied by Harmon Thomas, was burned Saturday night.——The building in Old Town, owned by W. M. Bean and occupied by Thomas McLaughlin as a barber shop and tenement, and the Old Town Municipal court room, was gutted by fire, Friday morning. The damage is $1,000 to the building and court room furniture; insured. The law library of Judge F. J. Whiting was largely damaged by water.——The farm buildings in Bethel, owned by David T. Foster burned Friday, to the ground. Fire caught in the roof near the chimney. Most of the furniture was burned. The loss is about $300; insured for about $1500.——The buildings of Russ A. Snow of Atkinson were burned Saturday afternoon. The barn and part of the furniture were saved. Loss, $1500; insurance, $600.——Nathan Antill's farm buildings, three miles from Skowhegan, on the south side, were destroyed by fire at 5.30, Tuesday morning, including nearly all the furniture, bedding, clothing, etc., with the entire contents of the barns. Loss, $5000; insured $4000. Cause unknown.——Lightning struck the barn of Gordon Davis at Alexander, Sunday, and it was burned to the ground, together with the hay, farming tools, etc. A number of cattle in the pasture near by were killed.——The house and barn of Capt. Fred White at Upper Bridge, Belfast, were burned Tuesday afternoon. Loss, $1000; insured for $700.

Colonel J. W. Spaulding has been elected president of the Bank of Fort Payne, vice W. P. Rice, resigned.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Kennebec County News.

—Rev. J. R. Day of New York, in company with his family and invited friends, are at "Highmoor Farm," in Monmouth.

—The Methodist societies of Mt. Vernon and North Vienna have secured the services of Rev. David Church of Farmington for pastor.

—Mr. Charles S. Hichborn let off a fine display of fireworks at the Sprague cottage, at Cobbosseecontee, on the night of the Fourth.

—A small cannon exploded in Vassalboro, Saturday, and a piece of the iron shattered G. S. Perkins' right knee, necessitating amputation of the leg.

—Osgood Hale of Providence, R. I., aged about 16, a passenger on the schooner Phil Nickerson, was drowned Sunday morning, while bathing at the Smithtown ice houses, near Gardiner.

—W. C. Philbrook, Esq., of Waterville, has been appointed District Deputy Grand Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias for the district comprising Waterville, Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner.

—R. C. Dixon of Clinton, has a horse 28 years old, fat and sleek as an otter, which does all the work on his farm, all their riding and so on. It is evident Mr. Dixon knows how to feed in old age—he gives plenty of skim-milk.

—The annual regatta at Hammond's Grove, Lake Cobbosseecontee, will occur on Tuesday, July 14, at 2.30 P. M. A number of new boats have been launched this season and unusual interest is being manifested.

—The physical condition of the 1000 or more veterans at the National Soldiers' Home at Togus, is to be examined by special commissioners, consisting of Dr. Miller of the Home, Dr. George H. Brickett of Augusta and Dr. William P. Giddings of Gardiner.

—Maurice Crosby, son of Mrs. John L. Davis of Readfield, received a severe wound in the eye from firing crackers early Fourth of July morning. He had put a fire cracker into a bottle, and put his eye down to the bottle to ascertain if it was burning. He obtained the desired information, but at the probable loss of an eye.

—On Thursday of last week as Mr. Edwin Moores of Mt. Vernon, stepped from his barn some shot went past his head and lodged in the door beside him. Whether the shot was intentional or accidental is not known. Mr. Moores is an upright, honorable man and his many friends congratulate him on his narrow escape.

—John Christopher, employed in the mill of the Hollingswarth & Whitney Paper Company, Gardiner, caught both hands in the rolls, Monday. Both hands were badly jammed, the left receiving the worst of it. Three of the fingers on the left hand were crushed to a jelley and the amputation was necessary, the thumb and fore finger remaining uninjured. On the right hand it was found necessary to amputate only part of one finger.

—The Probate office was yesterday removed into the new room prepared for it, on the south side of the Court House, formerly occupied by the grand jury and lobby. While no attempt has been made at expensive adornments or fittings, the room is very neat and pretty, and will satisfy all having business at the office. Vault room was the chief reason for the change, and this has been abundantly secured. The vault is now being put in readiness to receive the valuable records and files. After the removal of these, the old Probate vault will be thrown into the vault of the Register of Deeds, giving him additional and much needed room. The session of the Probate Court next Monday, will be held in the new Probate office.

—John R. Pollard of Winslow a constable, in attempting to break up a dance and carousal, Sunday afternoon, on a small island in Fettis Pond, in that town, was severely beaten over the head, and in the scrauable Pollard drew his revolver and shot down the two who were chief actors in the affray, John Butler and John Kelley. Both are very seriously injured. Pollard affirms that the shooting was done in self defence, that he was knocked down and kicked. On Tuesday, Pollard was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Hill, on a warrant issued by Judge Stewart, of the Waterville Municipal Court, upon complaint of Alderman Barry, who is a personal friend of Kelley. Assult with intent to kill is the offence alleged. In view of the critical condition of the wounded man, Judge Stewart decided to put the matter over for a week naming $2000 as the bail which he should require and this was furnished.

Maine Agricultural News.

—Mr. Editor: The dry spell which we had a short time since, began to have its effect on grass and crops, but the rains did lots more of good, and everything is now making a fine growth. Hay will be an average crop. Corn is just a little late, but is making rapid growth now. Potatoes are looking quite promising this season. The bugs are plenty but a timely dose of Paris Green sets them all right. Beans are now doing well, and all kinds of garden truck has taken a start since the rain. Grain, especially early sown, is looking very well, I think fully as well as usual. Apple trees did not blossom fully, but the fruit seems to be well set at this writing. On the whole, the farmers have every reason to be grateful to "the giver of every good and perfect gift, who sendeth the rain and sunshine alike upon the just and the unjust." T. W. L.

Sidney.

—A Fairfield Centre correspondent writes: "William F. Higgins has got the largest piece of corn, probably, ever raised in the town of Fairfield. This corn is two feet high or more, as it stands, and I think he can't be beaten in farming, in this town or any other town."

—Farmers in Mt. Vernon are haying, and the crop in that section will be nearly as large as that of last year. Other crops are growing finely, and a big harvest this season is expected.

—C. L. Addlton of Corinna has sheared this spring, ten hundred and one sheep, and claims the championship of the State. They were sheared in 41 barns; the largest flock sheared, 122. The best flock was owned and cared for by Miss Mary C. Drew of Dexter. C. L. A.

—R. B. Pomeroy of Bean's Corner has a Jersey cow, the record of which he thinks cannot be beaten in the county. From the 12th of last March to about 25th, 1891, 1,200 of butter were sold, for which he received $24.50; milk was sold amounting to $4 84; calf sold when three days old, $10. Total, $57 34. No account was made of the milk and butter used in the family.

—Under the direction of the officers, the Fair grounds at Readfield are being improved. The soft, soggy places in the track have been permanently filled and repaired, and the track widened some twenty feet in the easy curves of the grand stand, so that there shall be no necessity for the trotters crowding each other at that point.

—Dr. Geo. M. Twitchell, of the *Farmer*, is to deliver the annual address the last day of the Fair of the Kennebec Agricultural Society at Readfield.

—Fourteen thousand five hundred dollars will buy quite a pile of appies, and help the business interests of a rural section very materially. Last season E. A. Shepherd, Esq., distributed that sum among the apple raisers of the eastern part of Maine.

Grange News and Notes.

—As one of the many ways in which the farmers are finding the benefits of co-operation, we note the fact that the patrons of Oxford county by massing their wool in the hands of an agent, received two cents a pound more than their neighbors outside the organization. Another patron reports that the members of his Grange sold their wool for twenty-six cents while their neighbors got only twenty. This but illustrates the power there is in united action. We do not begin to dream of the good which might be obtained by working together and uniting together to secure the results so easily obtained through the order.

—The severe rain of Saturday sadly interfered with the arranged programmes for celebrating the glorious 4th of July, and in many sections the patrons found cause for regrets. Those who failed should not be discouraged but arrange another day and try again. These Grange celebrations are not only interesting to all, but instructive, and patrons have no right to hide their light under a bushel, when by a little effort they can help so much in solving some of the difficult problems of the day.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The *Farmer* is the only paper that has the first publication of the crop report in the State for July, which will be found complete in this issue.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

If you are Nervous,

and cannot sleep, try it.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

LIVE STOCK YARDS, July 7, 1891.

Names of Drovers. Horses. Cattle. Sheep. Veals.

AT WATERTOWN—none.

AT BRIGHTON.

L. C. Libby & Son,	7	25	63

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN YARDS.

Cattle, 4,192; sheep, 11,846; hogs, 29,381; veals, 2,112; horses, 751.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 25; hogs, 7; veals, 63; horses, 51.

CATTLE FOR OLD ENGLAND.

Shipments of cattle for the week, from Boston, were 2,919 head. Market unchanged on American cattle at Liverpool, with sales at 12@13½c., dressed weight, oflal not included.

POSITION OF THE TRADE.

The week after the Fourth gives a new tone to the cattle market, inasmuch as there is a stronger tone, and the disposals are somewhat easier. not that cattle are really selling any higher, but the business is in a better shape. You see, Boston has had, for a week or more, a good many out of town people to provide for, and it takes off the provisions of all kinds. Cattle are quoted at 4@7½c., with fancy at 7½@8c., dressed weight.

Nearly all the 18,000 head of sheep and lambs put upon the market last week, were disposed of, and the fresh supply of better than 11,000 has moved at steady figures. Western lambs are liberally received, and are valued at 7½@8c., or a little better than 8c., with old sheep at 2½@5½c.

Fat Hog Market—An improvement in price, equal to ¼c on best grades. This advance is not expected to hold on, as there were no hogs shipped from the West on the Fourth, and this is considered the prime cause of the advance. Western live at 4¾@5¼c. Country dressed at 6c.

Veal Calves—Lighter supply, which was of benefit to the market. If the supply had been as heavy as last week, prices would have been demoralized, but with present receipts the market holds steady at 2½@5¾c.

Milch Cows—A very quiet feeling throughout the trade. The business is slow, and cows a trifle weak in price.

Horse Market—Dealers find the demand much lighter, and to effect disposals, prices have to drop somewhat. Dealers say that the stock must be bought lower in the country, or shippers must not expect satisfactory returns. Common horses selling at $30@$130. Nice drivers and business horses at $140@$160. Nice drivers and heavy draft at $165@$300, with higher prices on fancy stock.

REMARKS.

We have started on the seventh month of the year 1891, with the handling of live stock, and before its close the market will have shifted about, and spring lambs will begin to increase from New England and Canada, and drop off somewhat from the West. How about the duty on Canada lambs? Is it 50 or 75 cents a head out for every lamb that comes into the United States? or are they to come acot free? We must look into this thing. It is about time for veal calves to diminish, and who would have thought that over 2800 head would have been put upon the market last week, when butchers forewarned the dealers to ship lightly. It shows how *headstrong* country live stock drovers are. They get a reminder in the decline of at least ½c per lb. for their trouble, and it may teach them a lesson. Maine will start in on spring lambs about August 1st. P. W. Thompson & Son have a contract to furnish one party 1000 or more lambs. There headquarters are at Hartland, Me. We look for a busy fall in live stock, as there will not again be an overstock of calves, and we can handle all the tender lambs Maine can furnish, if we do have to go without the green peas later on.

LATE SALES AT BRIGHTON LAST WEDNESDAY.

The market was amply supplied with all grades of milch cows, but the demand for the same was in a quiet way. Buyers were not plenty, and such as were present made bids in a good many instances at comparatively low prices. Speculators did not buy heavy working oxen. J. Melloy sold 2 springers at $32.50 each; 2 at $39 each; 2 milch cows at $35 each. J. S. Henry sold 1 extra milch cow for $45; 3 milch cows at $35 each; 2 choice milch cows at $50 each. C. E. Johnson, agent, sold 4 new milch cows at $37.50 per head. W. Scollans sold 2 milch cows at $42.50 each; 2 at $45 each; 2 at $40 each; 1 choice new milch cow at $50; 1 beef cows, live weight 4070 lbs., at 3½c live weight; 4 oxen, average live 1550 lbs., at 7½c dressed weight; 2 oxen, live weight 2990 lbs., at 6c dressed weight. W. W. Hall & Son sold 1 milch cow at $40. W. Melloy sold 1 yearling bull at $18; 1 extra new milch Jersey cow at $45. R. Connors sold 2 springers at $35 each; 1 extra springer at $55; 2 fat cows, live weight 1200 lbs., at $70.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, July 7.

FLOUR AND MEAL. The demand for flour has been moderate and the sales are mostly in small lots but the feeling is quite firm and prices are sustained. We quote fine, superfine and common extras at $2 90@4 00; extras and seconds at $4 00@4 25; Minnesota bakers' clears and straights, at $4 90@5 55; winter wheat, clears and straights, at $5 00@6 60; winter wheat patents at $5 40@6 85, and spring wheat patents at $5 50@6 90 per bbl. These quotations include jobbers and millers' prices. Rye flour is quiet at $5 50@6 per bbl. Oat meal is quiet, with sales of fine at $5 75, and cut at $6 00@6 40 per bbl. There is a firm market for corn meal. Sales of bag meal at $1 20@1 34, and barrel meal sells at $2 90@2 95 for choice kiln-dried. Granulated meal sells at $3 75@3 90 per bbl.

GRAIN. Corn rules firm and the demand quite good. Seven-year-old on track here is quoted at 72@72½c and steamer mixed at 71@71½c per bushel. For shipment Chicago No. 2 yellow corn was held at 73c. No. 3 yellow at 71¾c and No. 3 corn at 71c per bushel. Oats have been quite active, with an advancing tendency. On the spot the best clipped sold at 52@52½c., and the range was from 51 to 52½c. No. 2 white on track were scarce and quoted at 50c, and No. 3 white were at 49½c per bu. For shipment No 1 chipped sold at 50@50½c, and No2 chipped at 49¼c. Chicago No 2 white to ship were held at 48c

MILLFEED. The demand is fair. Sack spring bran sells at $18 25@18 75 and sack winter bran at $19 25@19 75. Middlings range from $23 50@26. Cotton seed meal, to arrive, is offeied at $27 25 per ton. Canada bran sells slowly at $21 50 per ton.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE. For nearly a week the butter market has been in a sluggish condition, and prices are barely maintained. Current rates yesterday in Boston were somewhat indefinite, for the reason that few large sales were made. The top quotation in a regular trade way was 18@18¼c cents for Western extra creamery, but a few special brands were distributed around at 19 cents. Anything off in quality had to take a second place and could not be quoted at over 16@17 cents Where the defects were very plain still lower rates, say 13@15 cents, had to be accepted. It his hard to say what Northern creamery is worth in a large way. Buyers would call 19 cents high enough, while holders talk 20 cents and upward. It is all right enough for owners of Northern to ask what they please, but if they send it here to be sold they must be prepared to accept very near the selling price of Western. Jobbers can get 20@21 cents, but no more. Most of the grocers are looking for lots about 19 cents.

The old stock of Western eggs was cleaned up at 16 to 16½ cents, and 17 to 17½ cents is the rate for new, but only special marks are sold yesterday at over 17 cents. It is thought that 17½ to 18 cents may be obtained in a few days, if the right kind can be received. Fresh Eastern sold at 18 to 19 cents, and if the quality could be guaranteed there would be no trouble in getting 19 cents.

Beans have been selling more freely at the recent improvement, say $2 35@$2 40 for choice mediums and large pea, with an upward tendency. Improved yellow eyes have been steady at $2 90@$3 per bushel.

HAY. The hay market is still showing signs of activity, and sales of choice New York and Canada have been readily made at $17 to $18, and fancy to as high as $19. This does not cover Eastern hay, which dealers say is mainly of inferior quality and hard to sell at over $16. For ordinary grades the range is from $13 to $15.

Augusta City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER.]

WEDNESDAY, July 8.

APPLES—None in market.

BEANS—Pea beans 2 50; Yellow Eyes $2 50@$2 75.

BUTTER—Ball Butter 15@18c. Creamery, 20@22c.

CHEESE—Factory and domestic new 10@11c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 40 per cwt.

EGGS—Fresh, 17@18c per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $6 00@6 25; Patent 6 50@7 00.

GRAIN—Corn 90c; oats 70c; barley 85c; Rye $1 00.

HAY—Loose $10@12; pressed $14@17.

STRAW—$7 75@8.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 5c, dividing on 90 lbs.; ox hides, 6c; bulls and stags, 3@3½c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.

LARD—Tierce 7¾c; in tins, 7@7½c.

MEAL—Corn 88c; rye 90@1 00.

SHORTS—$1 40@1 50 per hundred.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 7@8c; beef per side 8¼@9c; ham 10@11c; fowls, 13@14; spring chicks, 20@25c; mutton 9@10c; spring lambs 13@14c; veals 8@9c; turkeys, 15@18c; round hog 5¼@6c.

PRODUCE—New potatoes, $1 25@1 50 per bushel; cabbages, $35 per ton; beets, 60c per bu.; turnips, 40c per bu.

Married.

In this city, July 1, by Rev. Dr. Penney, James Quilligan to Mary McDonough, both of Gardiner.

In this city, June 24, Herbert L. Averill to Mary H. Sherman.

In Auburn, June 28, Leander Brown to Vertie F. Moore, both of Auburn.

In Brewer, June 30, Charles L. Austin of Ellsworth, to Annie S. Nelson of Bangor.

In Belfast, July 1, Frank P. Mayo to Viola Reddin, both of Belfast.

In Bucksport, June 27, Wm. F. Sawyer to Mary S. Phillips.

In Bath, June 26, Andrew F. Sanborn of Limington, to Janie M. Davis of Standish.

In Auburn, June 28, Bartlett to Ada A. Wood worth, both of Bangor.

In Buxton, July 1, Willard Burnham of Standish, to Miss Mary M. Mitchell of Buxton.

In Bridgton, June 25, Herbert Eugene Coffin of Freeport, to Minnie A. Porter of Bridgton.

In Cape Elizabeth, June 30, Annie Trudail of Trenton, N. J., to Mrs. Myra S. Risley of Cape Elizabeth. June 25, John J. Means of Fort Preble, to Alice M. Baxter of Portland.

In Casserville, June 24, Geo. F. Rice of Easton, Mass., to Alice F. Jordan of Casserville.

In Chester, July 1, Leonard R. Palmer to Ella M. Crockett, both of Wilton.

In Deering, June 29, Albert F. Sawyer to Lizzie E. Lanagan.

In Dixmont, June 27, Geo. D. Bussey to Isidora B. Smith, both of Dixmont.

In Ellsworth, June 24, John F. O'Leary to Amanda Doughlass, both of Bangor. June 27, Newell G. Hardison to Mrs. Annie M. Jordan, both of Ellsworth. June 30, John O'Brien of Monson, Mass., to Nellie F. Donovan of Ellsworth.

In Enfield, June 27, Charles Somerset to Mary F. Moore.

In Farmington, June 22, Walter L. Welch to Tina L. Bolton, both of Farmington.

In Gardiner, June 27, Philip J. Kelley to Lizzie L. Moore.

In Gray, July 1, William H. Rogers of Windham, to Jennie Frost, daughter of Woodbury Royal, Esq., of Alna.

In Gorham, June 30, N. W. Woodman to Lena A. Paine, both of Gorham.

In Hallowell, June 28, William C. Whitcomb to Blanche G. Buzzell, both of Hudson.

In Minot, June 28, Llewellyn E. Smith to Carrie Belle Fuller, both of Oakland.

In Mexfield, June 28, Llewellyn B. Bean to Mrs. Ida L. Hanson, both of Moscow Plantation.

In North Vassalboro, June 26, Archie C. Moore of North Vassalboro, to Elsie J. Roberts of Farmington.

In Portsmouth, N. H., June 30, George F. Davis of Duluth, Minn., to Celia May Staples of Dixfield, Me.

In Portland, June 30, William M. Webster to Emily E. Freeman, July 1, Wallace E. Easton to Carrie A. Fernald; June 30, Edward Thompson to Cora Belle Thomas; July 1, Geo W. Simpson to Adelaide A. Morgan, all of Portland.

In South Paris, June 30, Wm. H. Pond to Vena Heald.

In Springvale, June 25, Frank L. Rankin of Portland, to Bertha M. Butler of Springvale.

In South Portland, Jay Anderson of Hyde Park, N. Y., to Minnie E. Allen of Cape Elizabeth, Me.

In Thomaston, June 20, Geo. W. Glover to Mrs. Eleanor R. Smith, both of Camden.

In Topsham, June 30, Perley A. Canon to Hattie Warren, both of Topsham.

In Westbrook, July 1, Erastus A. Laverty to Mary A. Welch, both of Westbrook; June 27, Lester S. Foss to Minnie A. Reynolds, both of Westbrook.

In Waltham, June 27, Hervey W. Kingman of Waltham, to Winifred J. Bragdon of Hancock.

In West Paris, June 28, Francis E. Cole to Hannah L. Judkins, both of Greenwood.

In Whitefield, N. H., June 30, Gilman Davis, formerly of Portland, to Gertrude Kimball Saltwell of Whitefield.

Died.

In this city, July 7, Appleton W. Gahan, aged 63 years.

In this city, July 3. Hattie, wife of Elisha Springer of this city, aged 48 years.

In this city, July 4, Janet W. Perley, aged 86 years, 9 months.

In this city, June 28, Mrs. Lydia Farnham, aged 71 years.

In Aurora, June 27, Howard Silsby.

In Brunswick, June 25, Elvira Nason, aged 56 years; June 26, Capt. Robert Skolfield, aged 65 yrs.

In Buxton, June 29, Levi Atkinson, aged 89 yrs.

In Hamden, June 24, Mrs. Margaret R. Wood, aged 57 years, 1 month.

In Biddeford, June 29, Eliza M. Abbott, aged 16 years, 8 months.

In Belfast, June 28, Elizabeth Adams, aged 15.

In Bath, July 1, Henry W. Watson, aged 39 years, 10 months; July 1, Carl F., son of Willie F. and Ian B. Bradley, aged 9 days.

In Bangor, July 1, Fanny, wife of E. B. Marston, aged 27 years, 9 months; July 6, Elizabeth Hill, widow of the late Hon. Lewis Barker, aged 92 years.

In Cal

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

Mowing.

BY CORA BUZZELL MILLAY.

Under the hill the tall grass falls,
Cut by the mower's scythe;
As to his team the driver calls
In ringing tones and lithe:
"Whoa, back! Git up! Git up I say!"
The good team, nothing loth,
Are guided through the sweet, new hay,
To cut another swath.

And oh, how sweet the dying grass!
How soft the sun's bright gleam!
As now, again, before us, pass
The driver and his team;
"Git up there! Gee! Back! Git up! Whoa!
What are you tryin' to do?"
And off adown the field they go,
The downy herdgrass through.

And now the mower's scythe he whets,
To mow beside the wall;
And still his team the driver frets,
With loud and hearty call:
Git up! Git up there! Gee! Whoa! back!
Gee! Back, now! Bo—! Come 'round!"
And now they leave another track
Of hay upon the ground.

And: "Ling, lang; ling, lang; ling, lang, ling;"
The rifle sings its song;
And: "Swish, swosh, swish;" with steady swing,
The hand scythe moves along;
And: "Buzz-ss-ss-ss—, ness, ness, ness,"
The two-horse-mower hums;
And wafted to us on the breeze
Sweet, sensyroyal comes.

And close behind the steady tread
We follow all the way
To find the wild strawberries red,
Among the new-mown hay;
And still, unto his steady team
The driver sings his song:
"What are you doin? No time to dream!
Git up there! Haw! Go 'long!"

Our Story Teller.

MRS. HAWES' TWINS.

Mrs. Hawes had returned to her work of looking over old coats and trousers with a view to making them into rugs. She remarked to herself, and to the cat, that it "wa'n't no manner of use to waste her breath callin' when folks didn't want to hear.

She stood tearing off a strip from an old-time Sunday coat belonging to her husband, when the door opened quickly, and a girl about sixteen years old walked in with an air as if she had been running.

"Here I am, mother!" she said. "What is it you want?"

Mrs. Hawes glanced up.

"'Twas Marthy Jane I was callin'," she said.

The girl threw back her head and laughed. Mrs. Hawes dropped the coat and gazed a moment, and then laughed, too, but with a vexed air.

"That comes of havin' twins to contend with," she remarked. "I thought by the way you broke into the room 'twas Jane Marthy. She's liable to come through a door's if she had been shot out of a gun. Where 've you both ben?"

"Down t' the brook. The wind blew so 't we didn't hear you when you first called. Did you want anything particular?"

The girl tried to speak patiently, though she was longing to go back and resume making a swing between the two elder apple trees.

"Miss Lawler's jest ben here," Mrs Hawes announced.

"Oh, has she?"

Martha Jane clasped her hands as she put this question. Her face flushed and her eyes sparkled with interest. Her mother's partially deaf ears heard before she spoke again. Then she continued:

"She's decided to have that music party —musikari she calls it —next Wednesday evenin.' That German, Herr Hickertruther or somethin', is comin' then—somethin' to be expected. She invited both you girls. She said it would be finer'n anything you've ever heard. Miss Dalrymple from Boston's goin' to sing. I thought you'd like to know right off. That's why I called, though I knew you was havin' a good time at the brook."

Martha Jane turned and walked to the window. From there she asked:

"You said to them you was invited?"

"To be sure. I'm afraid you'll have a hard time decidin'," the mother answered, anxiously.

"There's nothing to decide," said Martha Jane. "It's Jenny's turn; I went to the church fair last month, you know."

She came from the window and stood before her mother. She flung out both hands with a quick gesture as she exclaimed, passionately:

"I do wish we had more than one dress! It does seem sometimes as if I couldn't bear it!"

"You don't wish so any more'n I do," said Mrs. Hawes. "You know jest how 'tis; we keep havin' doctor's bills to pay for my sick spells, 'n now it don't look's if we could ever afford for you each to have a nice dress. I hope you'll be able to be thankful you c'n have one, 'n so swap round 'bout goin' to places, bein' jest of a size, 'n as like's two peas anyway. I wish 'twas diff'runt, but I can't help it."

She sighed as she ran her knife across the stitches.

Martha Jane was moving restlessly about the room.

"P'raps Jane Marthy'd give you her chance," suggested Mrs. Hawes, more to see what this daughter would say than for any other reason.

"I shouldn't wonder," was the response. "She's twice as good as I am, but she wants to hear that music as much as I do. She loves it just as well. No it's her turn. She must go, and I must stay at home and envy her. It's horrid to be so poor!"

The girl tried to keep the tears that rushed to her eyes from falling on her cheeks. She saw her mother's lips tremble.

"I'll be good about it after a little," Martha Jane said, in an uneady voice. "Only give me time to think it over and get the upper hand of myself."

She hurried out of the room, and up the steep stairs to the chamber under the roof which she shared with her sister. She sat down on the bed, crying out in a whisper.

"I'd rather hear Miss Dalrymple sing than anything else in the world."

Then justice compelled her to add,

"So would Jenny, and it's her turn."

In ten minutes she came down the stairs. She opened the door and tried to speak with brave cheerfulness:

"All right, mother! I don't mean to be a mean wretch this time."

She sat at the top of her speed down to the brook, where her sister was now trying the new swing, dreamily "letting the old cat die" in the soft, sweet air.

Mrs. Hawes left her work, and watched the young figure as it bounded along.

"No matter about the dress now," said Miss Dalrymyle with ready tact. "Let us finish the song."

The distressed young face appealed to her deeply.

Afterward sitting by the child, she heard why the twins were obliged to "take turns in everything nice," as Martha Jane expressed it. "But," said the girl "it did seem as if we could not both give up hearing you. It was Jenny who thought of the plan."

The next morning Miss Dalrymple returned to Boston. As she left the phaeton in which Miss Lawler had driven her to the station, she saw two young girls in plain gingham gowns and broad hats hurrying down the road. They were twins, and they brought two lavish bunches of roses, which they shyly offered.

It was Martha Jane who spoke for both. But all she was able to say was, "Miss Dalrymple, we could not help coming to see you off—and to thank you."

The singer kissed each young face as she took the flowers. She thought she had never received homage so sweet as that she saw in their eyes.

"Yes, I am afraid," said the girl, "but since you want me to try, I must."

Miss Dalrymple was sorry for the child when she had placed her by the piano again. The small face was white and the lips almost still.

"Take heart," whispered the lady. "You did so well before. What shall it be?"

When, at last, the song was selected, Miss Dalrymple looked at her companion in surprise.

"Do you know in what key that is written?" she asked.

"Yes."

"But can you sing as low as that?"

"Oh, yes."

The other stood in amazement with the sheet of music in her hand.

"I don't understand it," she said.

The girl gazed pleadingly at her, but was silent.

In a blind way the accompaniment was begun; but when an untutored but rich contralto voice commenced the song, there was a discord among the keys of the piano, and Miss Dalrymple wheeled round and stared at the girl beside her, who trembled so that she could hardly stand.

There was entire silence among the people present.

"What does it mean?" cried Miss Dalrymple, looking about her in wonderment. "It cannot be possible that this child has two distinct singing voices, one very high and the other very low. She is a phenomenon."

Judge Lawler, in the doorway, began to chuckle audibly. He had seen a slight figure steal out and soon return, and now he thought he understood.

The girl at whom everybody was looking, tried twice to speak before she could say a word. Then she burst out shrilly:

"Oh, if you please, I am the twin!"

"That explains," the lady said, as he began to roar with laughter. All the company joined in, and the "other twin" stood in the midst, blushing, and finally laughing, too.

"You were not the one that sang first?" she was asked.

"No ma'am. That was my sister Jennie. It was her turn with the dress"—

Mary Jane stammered, then was silent growing more painfully red than ever.

She had waited across the way at Mrs. Hardy's for her sister to leave the party.

Then the two had changed frocks so that both should have a share of the music. This had been Jenny's little plot. In the hurry of changing she had not told that she had been obliged to sing."

"Now I want you to sing once more," she said; "I have a plan in my mind. Perhaps I can give you a couple of hours a week for the next few months. I shall live here with my friend until winter.

The girl clasped her hands and began to tremble. She seemed bewildered.

"What, you are not afraid this time, are you? It was really a treat to hear you before, or I would not ask you when so many are present."

"Yes, I am afraid," said the girl, "but since you want me to try, I must."

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The singer kissed each young face as she took the flowers. She thought she had never received homage so sweet as that she saw in their eyes.

"Yes, I am coming. "I shall remember the lessons I am to give you," she said.

Choice Miscellany.

A Tiger of the Seas.

Shark Yarn Told by a Diver from Honolulu.

A diver, who gave his name as Jim Hartley, told a story of a wonderful encounter he had with a tiger shark a month ago, says the *San Francisco Examiner*.

He laid the plot of the yarn just off Diamond Head, Honoluiu, and there is no doubt that shark material being plentiful enough in that locality.

Hartley said he was a deserter from an English ship, and had learned diving in the old country. When his funds gave out at Honolulu the first job that presented itself was an exploration of the sunken wreck of a hardware laden vessel on the outer edge of the reef. Here is the story as told by himself:

They rigged up the only diving apparatus in the islands, and I tackled it. They gave me a little sloop to work from, and I found a reliable fellow for a helper. The only weapon I had was a big knife, made out of the blade of a sheep shears, I guess—anybow it looked as though it was. Everybody told me about the sharks, but I didn't anticipate any big ones, and sharks don't bother a diver as a rule, you know. I made two descents. The first one landed me among a lot of sharp rocks and rough coral ledges that I didn't like to move around among much for fear of cutting my air house, which was old and not over strong.

I soon went up, and on the next good tide made another descent, and this time I hit the bark just right. I found a hole in her port bow big enough to poke a house through, and was starting to go around on the other side when I felt a jerk at both air hose and signal, accompanied by a swirl of the quiet, clear water, that told the story. I knew that some big fish had found my connections, but I was not prepared for what I saw when I turned my windows upward. A couple of fathoms over my head was the biggest shark I ever saw, and a man eater if ever there was one.

His underside trap door looked big enough to take in a whale, and I am dead sure he was one of the tiger kind, though the Kanakas tell me that species is not common in waters. He was having a look at me, and was at a standstill when I saw him, just waving his fins enough to keep his position.

What did I do? I dropped flat on my back mighty quick. I knew his game, pot from personal experience, but from what some of my diving mates had told me. I knew that he would settle down on me in about a minute and that my chances of winning in a stand-up fight would be slim.

Scared! I should say so, but a diver has got to keep his nut cool under any circumstances, and I kept my little thinker a-going at top speed. I had two main fears, one that he would break my nose and another that the fellows in the boat would see him and commence hauling me up. If they did, it was a sure shot that Mr. Shark would take my rubber suit for the skin of a Kanaka, and bite me in two while I was in mid-water, and had no fighting leverage for my feet. I was lucky; the men in the sloop never pulled a pound.

In a minute, that seemed an hour, the shark commenced to settle. He hauled off a few feet backward, and then came slowly forward again a good deal lower down, but still not low enough to reach me. Of course, I had my knife all ready long before this. He repeated the performance, and this time passed within three feet of my face. I could see his ugly yellow stomach just over me. He started to back off again, and the next trip thinks I, would fetch him right at me mouth on. I didn't want to meet him that way, and so he began to move I gave him the knife with both hands right in the stomach.

He went like a shot when the old shears-blade stung him, and sting him it did, for I drove it good and hard with a pulling slash that opened him open for a good two feet. The whirl of his forked tail knocked me flat again, and kicked up so much sand that I couldn't see an inch. I gave the line a vicious tug as soon as I could find it, and away I went for daylight.

For the Maine Farmer.

Studies in Sacred Song—XIII.

Joseph Addison was not a prolific writer of hymns, like Watts, Charles Wesley and some others. It is said that he wrote only five in all, but each of these is a classic. They are perhaps seldom sung, but several of them are often recited, and live in the memory of hundreds. They may almost be compared for elegance with even Gray's famous Elegy, and for substantial merit they are equal to any similar productions of any age.

Addison was the son of a clergyman, and was born in the south of England in 1672. He was educated at Oxford, and early distinguished himself as a proficient in his studies, and as a pleasing writer. He spent some years in travel, and having friends in public office, held several civil offices. He wrote a poem describing Marlborough's campaign and the battle of Blenheim in 1704, which was received with great applause. He was elected to Parliament, and was for awhile Secretary of State. But his chief fame rests upon his contributions to the "Tatler," and especially the "Spectator," which he published daily for some years in connection with Sir Richard Steele. His papers in the "Spectator" are distinguished for pure and elegant English, delightful humor and chaste morality. These essays have been republished in edition after edition, and still retain their estimation as amongst the finest writings in the language. Young students may take Addison as a model of style.

After a long courtship he married the Countess of Warwick, a widow, but the union was not a very happy one. He was a sincere Christian, and when on his death-bed sent for his step-son, Lord Warwick, a profligate young man, that he might see "how a Christian can die." He died at the age of 47.

Many readers must be familiar with the hymn commencing,

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
The spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim."

Also with the one commencing,

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care."

Another, not so well known, is in a more solemn strain:

"When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear?

"Oh, may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament,
And early with repentant tears,
Eternal woe prevent."

Another, written after experiencing a storm at sea, begins:

"How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

"In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

"When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save."

These hymns are all deserving of study and reflection. The following gives a vivid description of God's care in the changing scenes of human life:

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

"Oh, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

"To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

"When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

"Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

"Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

"Through all eternity to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise."

H. K. B.

A Critical Genius.

Among Rice's old acquaintances was a leader of the orchestra, one John C—. Quite a musical genius was C—, and a great character. He was a perfect knowall; no subject, either artistic, musical or scientific could be broached in his presence on which he did not at once present himself as an authority. If a fast horse was mentioned, C— had a father or an uncle who owned one that could distance the animal in question with ease. Should any one venture to give an account of a remarkable storm where the hailstones were as large as hens' eggs, the old leader was down on him with some eggs at once. On a certain Sunday afternoon John Rice and a party of his friends were sitting on the back porch of house, listening to some of the marvelous experiences of C—, when the host, getting a little tired of these wonders, exclaimed: "C—, you seem to be an authority on most matters; now I want your solution of a curious fact that is staring us in the face. Look at that apple tree over the fence"—pointing to one in the orchard at the back of the house. "You see it has no apples on it and all the rest of the trees are full of fruit; now how do you account for that?" C— ran his eye over the orchard with a profound look, and rising slowly from his seat mounted the fence, let himself down upon the other side with as scientific an air as the performance would admit of, and giving the tree a kick to test its firmness began to examine the roots of the barren tree. The company during all this time were watching the proceeding with becoming gravity. C—, having cut off a piece of the bark from the tree, wiped his eye glasses and examined the specimen with great care. At last he smiled with a placid kind of triumph, and exclaimed: "Ah! I thought so." Again climbing the fence, he returned to the group who were watching him, and said: "Now observe. You see that gray color on the edge of the bark?" They did. "Well, that is called *fungi mortem*, and whenever that deadly sign appears at the root of an apple tree it never bears fruit."

"I don't think you are quite right about it," said Rice; "for that tree was full of apples yesterday, but the owner came this morning and gathered them."

There was a shout of laughter, and C— was dumbfounded. It was a dreadful blow, and it had the effect of curtailing the scientific discourses of C— for some time.

—*Joseph Jefferson, in the Century.*

WHAT MIGHT HAVE CHANGED THE RESULTS OF GETTYSBURG. Toward the close of the contest on the first day's battle at Gettysburg, Hancock rode up and told me that he had been sent to assume command of the field. He was our good genius, for he at once brought order out of confusion, and made such admirable dispositions that he secured the ridge and held it. As he was junior in rank to General Howard, he had no right, technically speaking, to supersede the latter. Meade had assigned him to that duty, it is true, but under the law only the President himself could place a junior general over a senior. Howard did not recognize him as his superior, and I think Hancock, as he rode over to me, was in some doubt as to whether I, as commander of the First Corps, would acknowledge him as Howard's superior. Had I refused to do so, the battle of Gettysburg, in all probability, would have had a different termination. As Hancock ranked me, however, the question did not concern me personally, and I saw plainly enough that if I refused to acknowledge his delegated authority, both the First and Eleventh Corps would be surrounded and captured. I had no desire to see the men of my command led to adorn the prisons of the Confederacy, and I therefore did not insist on any technicality which would be certain to produce that result.—*General Abner Doubleday in North American Review.*

HE WAS ALL RIGHT. Teacher—Johnny, why is George Brown absent?

Johnny—Why, George Brown says his sister's got a cold; but dat ain't nothin'; one o' my sisters is got de smallpox and tother one de measles, but I come all the same.

Amusing Incident.

Never be an inquisitive bore. Prying people seem to have little or no sense of mortification—certainly none of politeness. Here is an amusing illustration:

A well-known citizen of Hartford, Conn., a few days ago had taken his seat in the afternoon train for Providence, when a small, wizzen-faced elderly man came into the car looking for a seat. The gentleman good-naturedly made room for him by his side, and the old man looked him over from head to foot.

"Going to Providence?" he said at length.

"No, sir," the stranger answered politely; "I stop at Andover."

"I want to know. I belong out that way myself. Expect to stop long?"

"Only over night, sir."

A short pause.

"Did you cal'kiate to put up at a tavern?"

"No, sir; I expect to stop with Mr. Skinner."

"What, Job Skinner? Deacon Job, who lives in a little brown house on the old pike? Or maybe it's his brother's? Was it Tim Skinner, 'Squire Tim's, where you was going?"

"Yes," said the gentleman, smiling, "it was 'Squire Tim's."

"Now tell if you are going there to stay over night. Any connection of his'n?"

"No, sir."

"Well, now, that's curus. The old man ain't got into any trouble nor nothin', has he?" lowering his voice. "Aint going to serve a writ on him, be you?"

"Oh, no; nothing of the kind."

"Glad on't. No harm in askin', I s'pose. I reckon Miss Skinner's some connection of your'n?"

"No," said the gentleman. Then seeing the amused expression on the faces of two or three acquaintances in the neighboring seats, he added in a confidential tone:

"I am going to see 'Squire Skinner's daughter."

"Law sakes!" said the old man, his face quivering with curiosity. "That's it, is it? I want to know! Going to see Miranda Skinner, be ye! Well, Miranda's a nice gal—kind o' homely and long-favored, but smart to work, they say; and I guess you're about the right age for her, too. Kep' company together, have ye?"

"I never saw her in my life, sir."

"How you talk! Somebody's gin her a recommend, I s'pose, and you're goin' clear out there to take a squint at her! Wa'al, I must say there's as likely gals in Andover as Miranda Skinner. I've got a family of growed up darters myself. Never was married afore, was ye? Don't see no weed on your hat."

"I have been married about fifteen years, sir. I have a wife and five children." And then, as the long restrained mirth of the listeners to this dialogue burst forth at the open-mouthed astonishment, he hastened to explain: "I am a doctor, my good friend, and 'Squire Skinner called at my office this morning to request my professional services for his sick daughter."

"Wa'al, now!" and the old bore waddled into the next car.

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

City Father (Tammany—a little nervous at his first performance of the marriage ceremony)—"I pronounce you man and —and—er—(reminded by the resolute bearing of the parties of an office more familiar to him)—may the best man win!"

"Even school has its pleasures," said Willie. "You have found that out, have you?" asked his teacher. "Yes I ain't been to school yet, but what it let out before the day was over."

Boys have been ruined because they had to stay at home and turn the grindstone when they should have been allowed to go a-fishing.

"What is Smith doing now?" "He is traveling with a circus." "Pretty hard work, isn't it?" "No; he has nothing to do except to stick his head in the lion's mouth twice a day."

At a Dog Show.—Miss Edith—"Papa is here somewhere." Jack (slightly deaf and misunderstanding)—"Ah! What are his chances for a prize?"

Scoffer—Your system is a humbug. You can't cure a disease by thinking it cured. You've got to use a remedy.

Christian Scientist—We don't believe in medicines.

Suppose you want to lead a pig across a river, and don't believe in using the bridge. How would you get it over?

I'd sit down and think it over.

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

Oh, dear to our hearts is the bright silver dollar,
With Liberty's picture just turned from the mint,
And the national bird with his high ruffled collar,
As if he would fight if you gave him the hint—
The old Yankee dollar;
Our fathers' big dollar;
made of just eighty cents at the government mint.

Tom—Miss Banque has become cool toward me for some reason or other.

Jack—Can't you think why?

Tom—No, unless it is because I asked her if her uncle in Montreal used to be a bank cashier.

A New Version.

Moille had a little ram as black as a rubber shoe,
And everywhere that Mollie went he emigrated too.
He went with her to church one day—the folks
hilarious grew
To see him walk demurely into Deacon Allen's pew.
The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passions
rise,
And give it an unchristian kick between the sad
brown eyes.
This landed rammy in the aisle; the deacon followed
after this,
And raised his foot again; alas! that first kick was
his last.
For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back about a rod, 'tis
said,
And ere the deacon could retreat, it stood him on
his head.
The congregation then arose and went for that ere
ram
And several well directed butts just plied them in a
heap.
Then rushed they straightway for the door with
curses long and loud,
While rammy struck the hindmost man and shot
him through the crowd.
The minister had often heard that kindness would
subdue
The fiercest beast. "Aha!" he says, "I'll try that
game on you."
And so he kindly, gently called, "Come rammy,
rammy, ram;
To see the folks abuse you so, I grieved and sorry
am."
With kind and gentle words he came from that tall
pulpit down,
Saying, "Rammy, rammy, ram—best sheepy in the
town."
The ram quite dropped its humble air, and rose
from off its feet,
And when the parson lit, he was beneath the hindmost seat.
As he shot out the door and closed it with a slam,
He named a California town; I think 'twas "Yuba
Dam."

SHRIEKED IN AGONY. A special from Madison county, Ga., tells of the capture of a devil fish in Broad River, near Daniel's Ferry. A party of negroes were seining, and when they hauled their nets ashore they discovered a terrible looking fish, with arms and legs of tremendous length. It was ten feet in length, and the two fore limbs, or arms, contained prongs which resembled fingers, while the other limbs were very much in the shape of horse legs.

When the negroes reached the bank and discovered what they had captured they fled in terror. One of the negroes was a little slow, and cause very near losing his life. The monster gripped him around the leg with its fingers, and he yelled terribly to his companions for assistance. One of them who escaped approached to within ten feet of his unfortunate companion and threw an axe at the monster. It was thrown with terrible force, the blade striking the fish on the head, which caused it to relax its hold on the negro, who escaped. The fish appeared to be in great pain, and its struggles were terrible. It tangled itself up in the seine, and rolled into the river, sending forth a terrible shriek of agony as it disappeared in the water.

IT PAYS TO BE A FREAK. The dime museum business in this country has within a score of years grown to enormous proportions. To be born a freak in these days seems to be equivalent to being born with a silver spoon in one's mouth. If he is specially freakish it will bring him revenue to the extent of probably $1000 a week, with the privileges of selling photographs, songs and books.

One of the most popular freaks in the United States is the famous Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb, whom the children of several generations have worshipped as a fairy queen. Mrs. Tom Thumb is bordering upon 60 now, and is paid $500 a week by the managers, who think her price reasonable at that figure.

She not only gets $500 in cash at the end of every seven days, but she has her railroad transportation paid from her home in Bridgeport, Ct., to both ends of the route, as well as a carriage from her hotel to the museum or theatre. Aside from this salary and perquisites, she reaps a large income from the sale of her photographs. Mrs. Tom Thumb resides at Bridgeport, Ct., in luxury and ease.

STRAINING THE EYES. Some time ago the Breslau oculist, Dr. H. Cohn, on examining the eyes of seventy-five watchmakers found that scarcely 5 per cent. of the number were affected with shortsightedness, which result seemed to justify the belief that the use of the loupe was an excellent protection against myopia.

The same oculist examined the eyes of fifty watchmakers in a Frierburg watch factory, who had for years, without using a loupe, worked the hard parts of watches and of whom, nevertheless, only two were slightly shortsighted.

From this Dr. Cohn concludes that watchmaking is an industry not injurious to the eyes, while, considering the fact that his extensive examinations among students had established an average of 56 per cent. among compositors of 51 per cent. and of lithographers of 37 per cent., afflicted with myopia, he comes to the conclusion that reading, writing, composing and drawing are more injurious to the eyes than the constant exercise of the visual organ in connection with fine stationary objects.

A LONG WAIT. Particular Guest—I've been waiting here nearly an hour for my dessert.

Waiter—You ordered a genuine English plum pudding, sir?

"Of course."

"That has to be made, parboiled, and hung in a bag for three months before it is served. Be ready for you in 90 days, sir."

Young Folks' Column.

How Amy Settled It.

There was great excitement at Cozy Corner school house when Mabel Field came there as a scholar. It was because she was so different from any of the other children who came. Their fathers were all poor farmers, but her father was a rich man.

The others wore sun-bonnets with very long capes to them, blue gingham aprons which covered them all up, and those who did not go barefoot had very coarse shoes. Mabel wore a hat, and a white apron, and button boots. The country children had old books with the covers torn off, ink-stains all over them, and leaves rolled up at the corners. Mabel's books were new, just out of the store. Mabel brought her lunch in a cunning fancy satchel, while all the others had tin pails.

Of course, it must be that anything which looked so sweet and nice must really be very sweet and nice. So reasoned the country children, and all began by trying how pleasant and polite they could be to such a very nice little girl. They were rather shy with her at first; but after all, she was the stranger, and they the ones who felt at home, so the shyness did not last long.

"We'll take you to see our grape swing after school," said Polly.

"And you shall be partner in the play-house," said Maria Jane.

"And we'll show you where you can wade in the brook without going too deep," said Susy.

"And you shall fish with my rod," said Lyddy Ann.

"And we'll pick you some berries going home, 'cause you'd tear your nice apron in the bushes."

"And we'll give you a look into our bird's nest, with three blue eggs in it," whispered Phebe, "if you'll never, never breathe a word of it to the boys."

"Though I don't believe the boys would steal it," said Amy.

Mabel soon made herself at home among her new friends. And then they began, I am sorry to say, to feel a little different towards her. Mabel was selfish, and fond of having her own way. When they went into the cool shades of the woods to have a frolic at the grapevine swing, she wanted to swing the greater part of the time. In the play-house she wanted to undo all that had been done, and have the achorn cups and saucers and birch-bark plates and dishes just where it suited her to have them. She wanted to fish all the time that could be taken for fishing; and when the others insisted on taking their turns, she waded so near them that the fish were frightened away.

She stayed so long up in the tree looking at the blue eggs in the nest, that her playmates had no time for a peep, for fear the boys would come. When they picked berries, she expected to have a great many more than any one else.

In short, before the first week had gone by, the country children were beginning to think that Mabel was not as nice as they had believed her; before the second was ended they wished she had never come among them, and at the end of the third, were feeling very indignant at Mabel's ways. As not one of themselves had ever been petted and spoiled into thinking it the most important thing in the world that she should have her own way without caring for others, they could not understand it. But they did understand that Mabel was being imposed upon, and decided they would not bear it.

"If we don't do exactly as she likes, she makes a fuss and spoils all the play," said Polly.

"I wish she didn't come to school here," said Phebe.

"It was twice as nice before she came," said Maria Jane.

"Let's tell her so," said Susy.

"No, you. You said it first."

Susy was not going to back out, but was very much puzzled as to how to begin when Mabel came towards them. She was just about to beg Maria Jane to begin when Mabel gave her a chance.

"I wish you'd come and swing me," she said.

"If we do," began Susy, "we ain't going to swing you any more than just your share."

"No, we ain't," said Maria Jane.

And for a moment no one said anything else until Polly, feeling there was a great deal more which ought to be said, and that this was the time, plunged bravely into the matter.

"We'd like you if you'd only do fair and right," she began. "We thought you were very nice. The dress, and pretty curls and blue eyes and nice clothes, and sponge cake and things for your lunch"—

"Every day," put in Susy.

"Yes," went on Polly; "and oranges and such. But you take bites of all the rest of us' lunches, and you never give bites of yourn."

"And you always want the best places!" said Phebe.

"And you make us play just what you want!"

"And we wasn't made to mind you!" said Maria Jane a little fiercely.

"It's selfish and mean!" said Phebe.

"And we wish you'd never come!" said Polly.

Every girl found it easy to say something, now that the ball had been set rolling; and, as is usual when unpleasant things are begun, they easily became more so.

Mabel stared from one to another, at first wonderingly, then with an angry flush rising to her cheek. She tried to speak, but the others spoke so quickly that she had no chance; and, just as she was about to send forth a torrent of bitter words, another voice came in:

"It's a real shame, I say!" said Amy, who had quietly come up, and had heard what was being said. "Here's five of you against one. And she hasn't been here but a little while. It isn't kind and Christian to talk to her so. I don't believe she means to be selfish,—do you Mabel?"

But Mabel made no answer.

"I guess it's because she thinks she's company yet; or, I guess, if it isn't that, it's because she didn't think; or, I guess maybe she forgot that we like our turn too,—didn't you, Mabel?"

Still no answer from Mabel, and Amy tried again.

"Anyways, I don't believe she means to be so any more,—do you, Mabel?"

The dear little girl had come and put her arms around Mabel's neck. All the anger had gone out of her flushed face by the time Amy had done speaking, and she burst into tears as she said:

"No, I don't."

There was nothing more to be said. The five girls who had thought they were doing their very best to reform Mabel turned and walked away feeling ashamed of themselves It is pleasant to be able to say that from that time Mabel was very much changed.

"Do you think it's wrong what we said to her? the five asked each other some weeks afterwards.

"I don't know," said Susy.

"I suppose so," said Polly.

But in their very heart of hearts they all believed it came of little Amy's loving kindness.

Hope for Him.

How often do we hear a parent say of a mischievious boy, "I would not mind so much if I could only believe him." Whatever his other traits, truth is essentially the touchstone of a boy's character. The following case in point appears in the *Christian Leader*:

"I don't know that you will be able to do much with him," said a father to the principal of a school, to whom he had brought his son as pupil, "he is so full of mischief."

"Does he tell the truth?" asked the principal. "Can I always depend upon his word?"

"Oh, yes," said the father; "he is honest, he will tell the truth, even when it is against himself; you may depend upon that?"

"Then we can manage him," said the principal. "He will make a reliable, manly man."

Dear Mr. Editor: I am a little girl twelve years old, and I have read the *Farmer* every week since last November. My father does not take the *Farmer*, but my friend Mrs. Pinkham loans me her paper. We moved into this place last fall, it is a splendid neighborhood, lots of christian people. We have meeting and sabbath school Sundays, and a nice prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Rev. S. Bessey is our minister, and we all feel glad when we see his welcome face so full of truth and love. I go to school now; teacher's name is Miss Florence Emerson, she is a nice teacher, and we have learned many good things under her kind instruction; we have fifteen scholars; the town furnishes our books this fall, and we have to be awfully careful of them. I have eight sisters and brothers, my two oldest sisters are married and one of them has a little girl, and we all love her so much, we call her Annie Laura, she can call us all by name, and it sounds very cunning when she talks to us; she is two years old and the pride of the family. I should like to have some of the girls write to me and I will try to answer them.

Lincoln. ABBIE S. SPENCER.

A pigeon fancier of Hamme, in Westphalia, made a wager that a dozen bees liberated three miles from their hive would reach it in better time than a dozen pigeons would reach their cot from the same distance. The competitors were given wing at Rhynhern, a village nearly a league from Hamme, and the first bee finished a quarter of a minute before the first pigeon; three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon, the main body of both detachments finishing almost simultaneously an instant or two later. The bees, too, may be said have been handicapped in the race, having been rolled in flour before starting, for purposes of identification.

THE HAIR

When not properly cared for, loses its lustre, becomes crisp, harsh, and dry, and falls out freely with every combing. To prevent this, the best and most popular dressing in the market is **Ayer's Hair Vigor.** It removes dandruff, heals troublesome humors of the scalp, restores faded and gray hair to its original color, and imparts to it a silky texture and a lasting fragrance. By using this preparation, the poorest head of hair soon

Becomes Luxuriant

and beautiful. All who have once tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, want no other dressing. Galbraith & Starks, Druggists, Sharon Grove, Ky., write: "We believe Ayer's Hair Vigor to be the best preparation of the kind in the market, and sell more of it than of all others. No drug store is complete without a supply of it."

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor with great benefit and know several other persons, between 40 and 50 years of age, who have experienced similar good results from the use of this preparation. It restores gray hair to its original color, promotes a new growth, gives lustre to the hair, and cleanses the scalp of dandruff." — Bernardo Ochoa, Madrid, Spain.

After Using

A number of other preparations without any satisfactory result, I find that Ayer's Hair Vigor is causing my hair to grow."—A. J. Osment, General Merchant, Indian Head, N. W. T.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only preparation I could ever find to remove dandruff, cure itching humors, and prevent loss of hair. I can confidently recommend it."—J. C. Butler, Spencer, Mass.

"My wife believes that the money spent for Ayer's Hair Vigor was the best investment she ever made, it has given her so much satisfaction."—James A. Adams, St. Augustine, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

Frauds will be perpetrated for gain.

Unscrupulous manufacturers of medicines are offering to supply the retail druggists with an article put up in RED wrapper, almost identical in general appearance, and closely assimulated in every detail to Carter's Little Liver Pills.

In this way they hope to profit by the merit of Carter's Little Liver Pills, and palm off an imitation on the unsuspecting sufferer and purchaser.

It is the source of wonder to honest people, that there are men ready and willing to perpetrate such frauds.

Let them beware; a day of reckoning will surely come, there are "upright judges" in the land who will punish such people.

When you go for a bottle of Carter's Little Liver Pills, ask for "CARTER'S" insist upon having "CARTER'S," and see that you get "C-A-R-T-E-R."

The proprietors of Carter's Little Liver Pills have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to make their value known. True merit always wins with the people, CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS have won.

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Those who believe that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure them are more liable to get well than those who don't.

If you happen to be one of those who don't believe, there's a matter of $500 to help your faith. It's for you if the makers of Dr. Sage's remedy can't cure you, no matter how bad or of how long standing your catarrh in the head may be.

The makers are